

# The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1872.

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**MADAME LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON** and Signor **MOTTINO** at the **SECOND SATURDAY CONCERT, CRYSTAL PALACE, THIS DAY.**

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY, SATURDAY, Oct. 12. SECOND SATURDAY CONCERT** of the SERIES.—Symphony, "Power of Sound" (Spohr); Gavotte ascribed to Louis XIII. of France (first time); Overture, "Zauberflöte" (Mozart); Overture, "Rienzi" (Wagner) (first time); Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Signor Mottino, Full Orchestra. Conductor Mr. MAWER. Transferable Reserved Stalls for the Twenty-four Concerts, Two Guineas; Single Stalls Half-a-Crown; Admission to the Palace, Half-a-Crown or by Guinea Season Ticket.

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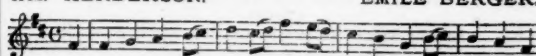
WORDS BY

(SONG.)

MUSIC BY

**WM. HENDERSON.**

**EMILE BERGER.**



Sweet hawthorn time—fair month of May! What joys attend thine advent gay!

Sweet hawthorn time—fair month of May!  
What joys attend thine advent gay!  
On every tree the birdies sing,  
From hill and dale glad echoes ring;  
The lark, inspir'd, to Heav'n ascends,  
The gurgling brook in beauty wends  
By mossy bank and grassy brae,  
Where violets bloom and lambskins play.  
Delightful Spring—sweet month of May!  
What joys attend thine advent gay!

In mantle clad of fairest sheen,  
The woods burst forth in virgin green—  
Bright home of birds and flow'rs gay,  
The streamlet woos thy sheltered way,  
Thro' primrose dells, sweet hawthorn glades,  
And silver birches' fragrant shades,  
Where nightingales, at close of day,  
In leafy bow'rs trill raptur'd lay.  
Delightful Spring—sweet month of May!  
What joys attend thine advent gay!

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## CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The first of the Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace has now for a good many years been regarded as the flourish of trumpets which heralds the approach of our autumn and winter musical season. The programme of Saturday afternoon contained its symphony, its concerto, and its overtures, differing in no respect from those to which we have been accustomed on similar occasions, ever since Mr. George Grove and Mr. Manns—the head to plan and the arm to execute—supplied by the authorities of the Crystal Palace with the indispensable means, took the concerts under their joint direction. There were the same fine orchestra, the same irreproachable performances, which in the course of time have earned for the Crystal Palace its high and well-deserved musical repute, besides, as will be seen by the subjoined, a programme of the usual excellence and varied interest:—

Overture (Olympie)...	...	...	Spontini.
Grand Scena—"Ah, Perfidio!"—Madame Sinico	...	...	Beethoven.
Symphony No. 1 (in C) ...	...	...	Beethoven.
Canzonet—"My Mother bids me bind my hair" ...	...	...	Haydn.
Romance and Rondo from Concerto in E minor—	...	...	
Madame Mangold-Diehl ...	...	...	Chopin.
Air des Bijoux (Faust)—Madame Sinico ...	...	...	Gounod.
Festival Overture (MS.) (first time) ...	...	...	F. H. Cowen.
A. Manns, Conductor.			

The fact of there being only one singer at this concert is explained by the indisposition of Signor Gustav Garcia, to make up for the vacancy caused by whose absence Madame Sinico obligingly consented to introduce a canzonet by Haydn, not originally announced. While on the topic of the vocal music, we may suggest that, splendid as it unquestionably is, the scene, "Ah, Perfidio," is given somewhat too frequently, here and elsewhere, Beethoven having composed a vast number of beautiful airs which are rarely, if ever, heard in public. With no less propriety, bearing in mind the fact that M. Gounod has written and published a quantity of vocal pieces, all of more or less distinction, we might also suggest that the "Air des Bijoux," however sparkling, melodious, and dramatically effective, would suffer very little if—for a time at any rate—left to the place accorded to it when the opera of *Faust* is performed upon the stage. Both were delivered by Madame Sinico with her never-failing intelligence; nor could "My mother bids me bind my hair" have been rendered in a more pleasing or natural manner, though objection might fairly be taken to the use of orchestral accompaniments, from some hand unknown, Haydn's own charming accompaniment for the pianoforte, being so easily accessible. The original design of a composer, unless there happens to be insuperable obstacles, should never, in our opinion, be departed from.

Madame Mangold-Diehl played the second and third movements of Chopin's E minor concerto so thoroughly well, with so delicate a touch, and such a commendable absence of exaggerated and overdrawn expression, that her omission of the opening and most elaborate movement was to be regretted. It was not the first occasion of Madame Diehl's winning merited applause in this by no means easy work of the gifted Polish composer. Our musical readers may possibly remember that she played the entire concerto with great success at a *matinée* of her own last summer.

That the most prominent features on Saturday, as seldom fails to be the case at these entertainments, were the exclusively orchestral performances, may readily be believed. Spontini's imposing and, if here and there somewhat obstreperous, brilliantly scored overture was welcome as a favourable specimen of a composer whom it has become too much the fashion to overlook. Spontini may be said to stand midway between Gluck and Meyerbeer—without, it must be admitted, possessing the genius of either. Though the jealous and unprincipled enemy of one who was greater than Gluck and greater than Meyerbeer—we mean Carl Maria von Weber—Spontini, while musical director at the Royal Opera, did a great deal for the lyric drama at Berlin, where, if he could have had his way, no other operas than those from his own pen would ever have been produced. *Olympie*, which, in 1819, had comparatively failed in Paris, was, two years later received with enthusiasm in the Prussian capital—with what enthusiasm may be understood by a passage in one of Weber's letters, where he describes the success of

*Der Freischütz* as unprecedented except by the success of *Olympie*. An anecdote was current at the time, in reference to this last-named opera, which it may not be out of place to relate. A gentleman of position, a zealous amateur of music, and of dramatic music especially, had become afflicted with deafness to such an extent that he could no longer hear a note. Some of the most famous medical men had vainly attempted his cure, when he was introduced to a certain physician, who, as a last hope, suddenly thought of an expedient. "Come with me," he wrote down on paper to his incurable patient, "to the opera this evening." "I can't hear a note," was the petulant reply. "Come, nevertheless," wrote the physician, "and you will see something, if you hear nothing." The patient unwillingly consented. To the theatre they went accordingly; and the opera, as the physician knew well would be the case, was Spontini's *Olympie*. One of the *finales*—Berlioz and Wagner, to whom even Spontini was a "still small voice," not having yet burst upon the horizon—was reputed as an unexampled combination of harmonious noises. At the uproarious and overwhelming climax, the patient, suddenly turning to the physician, exclaimed, in an ecstasy of delight—"Doctor, I can hear!"—to which the Doctor made no reply. The exclamation was repeated, in a louder voice; but again there was no answer. After another essay, equally vain, the patient shook his adviser by the arm, and cried out in a still louder tone—"Doctor, I can hear; you have cured me." A dead silence, once more the sole response, was speedily accounted for. The physician himself had become deaf. What cured the patient killed the Doctor. The merits of Spontini as a dramatic composer are, nevertheless, incontestable. The *Vestale* and *Fernand Cortez*, his first and most successful productions at the Paris Opera, which, like *Olympie*, are still occasionally to be heard, contain superb passages. Amateurs unfamiliar with his scores may reasonably conclude that there is something more than ordinary in them, informed by this brief note in Robert Schumann's *Diary*:—"Fernand Cortez; heard it for the first time with rapture." That Spontini was a magnificent operatic conductor, the Costa of his day, is granted unanimously, even by authorities like Reilstab and others, who were severely critical on his music. Mendelssohn declined to set to music a book which had already been used by Spontini, on the plea that in the most striking situations he could not possibly be otherwise than powerfully influenced by his predecessor. At all events, the overture to *Olympie*—admirably played, by the way—was, we repeat, welcome at the Crystal Palace, both on its own account and on that of a composer who must always figure conspicuously in the history of the origin, rise, and progress of dramatic music.

About Beethoven's Symphony in C major, worthy forerunner of the "immortal nine," the autograph of which is lost, as well as the date of its composition, but about which we know that it was originally produced at Vienna, in 1800, when Beethoven had attained his 30th year, there is absolutely nothing new to say. This work, so fresh and vigorous, though already in its eighth decade, can never be heard without interest, if for no other reason than that the future giant of the orchestra made with it his earliest aspiring flight to the higher realms of art, as exemplified in the orchestral symphony—and more especially when played, as it was played on Saturday, from beginning to end, by the orchestra which Mr. Manns directs with such care, ability, and unflinching zeal. The symphony, in which, among other remarkable points, not the least remarkable is the so-styled "*minuetto*"—genuine parent of the Beethoven "*scherzo*," a countless progeny—was beyond comparison, the chief gem of the concert and the feature of the day. About Mr. F. H. Cowen's *Festival Overture*, so recently produced at Norwich, we need merely say that it improves on more familiar acquaintance—the best compliment we can pay it. It is spirited, well designed, and scored for the orchestra with legitimate effect. But what every amateur longs to hear from Mr. Cowen's pen, is his second symphony (in F), which, if as good as his first (in C minor), cannot but add to the reputation he has already acquired. Mr. Grove will surely not deny us this, seeing that no further mention is made of Mr. Arthur Sullivan's "Symphony No. 2," long and eagerly expected by those who watch with anxiety the progress of our English school of art.



With regard to the pledges contained in the prospectus of this new series of concerts, we may state that the nine symphonies of Beethoven are to be given "in chronological order"—as was the case in 1870, the centenary of the illustrious composer's birth; that Haydn, Mozart, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Schubert will, as on previous occasions, be awarded their just share in the programmes; that we are to have an unknown symphony by Schubert, one of Mr. Grove's discoveries in his memorable journey to Vienna—besides a hitherto unperformed symphony of Mozart's (E flat), written at Salzburg, in 1773, when the composer was in his 17th year (34th out of 49 similar works), and more attractive still, his pianoforte concerto in B flat, the 25th and last, one of the great musician's ripest efforts (the solo part to be played by M<sup>me</sup>. Goddard); that Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*, A. Sullivan's *Festival Te Deum*, and Sir Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen* are to follow in due order of succession—besides a "posthumous" Rondo of Beethoven's, a pianoforte concerto by Anton Rubinstein, and the "Orchestral Serenade," in D, by Johannes Brahms. One thing is hoped by all who wish well to the Crystal Palace Concerts—viz., that, in accordance with a precedent already established, a work either by an English composer, or a foreign composer resident in England, will be brought forward at every performance. If Messrs. Grove and Manns would make as diligent inquiry into the vocal as they have made, from the commencement, into the instrumental music of the past, they might provide an additional attraction, and thus still further justify the praises extended far and wide to their almost uniformly well-conducted entertainments.

The programme of to-day contains Spohr's great fourth symphony in F, *The Consecration of Sound* (which we are surprised to find a scholar like "G." persist in calling *The Power of Sound*), Mozart's overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, Wagner's overture to *Rienzi*, first time, and also, for the first time, if not the last, a *Gavotte*, "ascribed to Louis XIII. of France." Fancy the dance music of Louis XIII. performed where the ballet-music of Auber's *Gustave III.*, *Lac des Fées*, and *Le Dieu et la Bayadère* has never been heard! We cannot but think that mere "articles de vertu" are out of place at such concerts as those given in the Crystal Palace.

#### APPOINTMENT OF INSPECTOR, REPORTER AND TEACHER OF SINGING UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE SCHOOL BOARD OF LONDON.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—In reference to the question in your valuable journal, upon what principle the London School Board has confirmed the appointment of Inspector and Reporter, &c., of Singing, under its control—if by examination, competition or favour?—I may surmise, to the last of the three principles; and to enlighten the question for those who wish for information, I have the honour to draw their attention to the following narration.

On the 14th of June last, the report brought up by Mr. M'Gregor, to appoint an Inspector, Reporter and Teacher, was adopted by the School Board. On the 17th of June, I respectfully offered myself as a candidate for the post, including copies of my pamphlet, *Practical Hints and Observations, relative to the Introduction by Government of Singing in Public Schools*, and offered to furnish testimonials of any sort if wished for. On the 19th of June, I received an answer that my application, addressed to Mr. Charles Reed, M. P., Chairman of the Board, acknowledged the fact, and informed me that it should be put before the Committee in due course. In another letter, I enclosed printed matter, as testimonials, relating to my capacities for the post, to which I received, on the 2nd of July, on a HALFPENNY POST CARD, the following answer:—

"DEAR SIR,—I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 29th ult. I have to inform you that the Board have appointed a gentleman to fill the appointment you write about. Yours truly,  
"Dr. Ferdinand Rahles." "G. H. CROAD."

In consequence of the receipt of the HALFPENNY POST CARD, which I did not consider an official answer, nor a businesslike one from a Board, I addressed myself to the Chairman *pro tem.*, Charles Reed, Esq., M. P., on the 9th July, as follows:—

"SIR,—Having applied in due form for the appointment of 'Musical Inspector, Reporter and Teacher,' under the London School Board, on the 17th of June, accompanying my application with a little work I had published bearing on the subject of musical instruction, and which, in itself, contained evidence of my capacity for the post, I sought extracts from diverse public prints corroborative of such evidence. Mr. Croad, your secretary, wrote to me, stating that my application should be laid before the Committee in due course; and, on the 2nd of July, I was somewhat surprised at receiving, on a HALFPENNY POST CARD, an intimation that 'the Board had appointed a gentleman to fill the appointment!'

"This last reply has caused me great astonishment for the following reasons:—

"1. That an appointment of such importance should not have been made hurriedly, nor without due examination as to the qualifications of every candidate, and that such an examination could not have been made is evidenced by the fact, that the appointment was made in fifteen days from the first appearance of the report of the Board recommending that such an office should be created.

"2. That in addition to the necessary musical knowledge, there should have been a test applied as to the best method of imparting instruction in the art, which could not have been properly ascertained without personal communication with the candidates, and ascertaining the practical experience of each of them, in the different branches involved in the appointment.

"3. That in an appointment of such a nature it would have been desirable to refer the matter to some competent individual or individuals, who, from his or their professional character or attainments, would have been able to report judiciously to the Board on the respective merits of each candidate.

"In stating these reasons I am actuated by a love of 'fair play,' as I cannot but think that, in an open and impartial competition, I, from my past experience and present position in the musical world, should have had a good chance of maintaining my ground with any other applicant. From Sir Sterndale Bennett, one of our most prominent men of the day, I have received a testimonial, of which I venture to enclose a copy—one amongst many others of a like character from other distinguished men; and, in conclusion, I may, perhaps, be pardoned in mentioning that I should have preferred the communication which I had the honour of receiving from your secretary to have been made in a less public form."

[COPY.]

"MY DEAR SIR.—It gives me the greatest pleasure to offer my testimony to your merits as a very learned and distinguished musician. It will afford me great satisfaction to hear that you have attained your wished-for position under the London School Board, as no one could be better fitted to undertake the duties.—I am, my dear Sir, very truly yours,  
(Signed) "WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT."

"Dr. Ferdinand Rahles."

The following communication I addressed also to Mr. Charles Reed, M. P., as Chairman to the Board:—

"SIR,—Referring to my letter of the 12th of July, with copy of testimonial from Sir Sterndale Bennett, I have been advised by my professional friends to send you the enclosed copy of a recommendation from Sir Julius Benedict, who, I need not say, is one of the highest authorities in musical matters. In doing so I venture to hope that if the appointment of Musical Inspector, Reporter, &c., under the London School Board, should not have been confirmed, or absolutely made, you will bear my application in mind, and lay the same before the Board."

[COPY.]

"I have much pleasure in certifying that I consider Dr. Ferdinand Rahles not only most qualified for the appointment as Instructor in Vocal Music and Inspector to the Schools under the control of the London School Board, but that it would be impossible to find a more admirable Theorist, Scholar, and Exponent of the musical art than Dr. Ferdinand Rahles. His appointment would no doubt lead to the most gratifying results, and contribute to the rapid improvements in practice and theory of the pupils entrusted to his care. (Signed) "JULIUS BENEDICT."

Not intending to enter into further comment on the subject, I beg to avail myself of this opportunity to return my sincere thanks to those who have taken an interest in the matter.

Malvern House, Queen's Terrace,  
South Hackney, Sept. 30, 1872.

DR. FERDINAND RAHLES.

BAYREUTH.—Herr R. Wagner and the Abbate F. Liszt are again very intimate and friendly. After not seeing each other for a considerable time, they met this summer in Weimar. The Abbate will now shortly come and visit Herr R. Wagner at home.



## MRS. CENTLIVRE'S PLAYS.

When Leigh Hunt issued his reprint of the works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, the question of the propriety of republishing the literature of the time of Charles II. was discussed. Bigotry and Pharisaism put forth the usual protest, and all that could be advanced in favour of repressing or emasculating our literature was said. Then the voice of Lord Macaulay spoke trumpet-tongued in defence of our liberties, and said, what the world wants is "a robust virtue and not a valetudinarian virtue." Macaulay was no Milton, but he was a liberal of a different stamp from his puny successors. His protest was not an Areopagitica, but it did its work, and for a generation people were silent. Gradually most of our old dramatists have been republished. Beaumont and Fletcher, the most intrinsically sensual of our early poets, have appeared in multiplied editions; Marston, whose boast it was that he called a spade a spade, and who is certainly entitled to whatever merit such plain speaking may justify, followed him; Middleton, Peele, Greene, Shirley, and all the dramatists of the time of Elizabeth and James, came in turn; and now there are only two or three poets of the Elizabethan constellation whose works are inaccessible. The works of the following reigns were confessedly more indecent than those of the Tudor period. In case of the worst, however, the publication was attended with no difficulty. John Dryden is a fine writer. Glorious old John is his name, and the complete edition of his works was edited by Sir Walter Scott. Perhaps the fact that Dryden is distinctly the most lewd and immoral writer of the cycle in which he lived was lost sight of or ignored. At any rate the reprint passed uncensored. Otway, too, was tolerated. Passing from plays, the licentious memoirs of Count Hamilton obtained in a translation a complete success; and the translation of Rabelais by Urquhart and Motteux, though immeasurably the most obscene book in the land, sprang at once into a classic. What, however, is sauce for the goose is not apparently sauce for the gander. The moment a modern publisher ventured upon reprinting the works of Mrs. Behn, the two leading literary journals swelled into a phrenzy of virtuous indignation. The venerable old birds of our protection societies laid together their heads, and cackled and hissed that it did the heart good to hear them. For awhile it seemed as if the purity of our literature was going, indeed, to be vindicated. A house to house visitation, and a compulsory destruction of all the Aristophanes, Platos, Ovids, Martials, Congreves, Fieldings, Rabelais, Boccaccios, Chaucers, Gibbons, Popes, Byrons, Goethes that were hidden on our shelves appeared the least that could be expected. A third deluge seemed likely to overrun learning, and the *Saturday Review* would, it appeared, finish in earnest the work of the Goths and monks. Fortunately, after a time the storm blew over, and, as in the case of a celebrated ecclesiastical curse—

"What gave rise  
To no little surprise  
No one seem'd one penny the worse."

Undismayed by the tumult over his head, Mr. Pearson, to whose courage we are indebted for a reprint of Mrs. Behn, has followed with a republication of Mrs. Centlivre. The plays of Brome are already announced, and it is probable that other works of the same period will follow. For ourselves, we thank heartily Mr. Pearson for what he has done, and we rejoice exceedingly in the success of his ventures. "Do you, then," may ask the censor, "wish to see all the impurities of the age of Charles II. brought into the hands of youth?" "Certainly not," is the answer. Our schools, it is true, give them Ovid and Martial and other writers, who will bring to their knowledge atrocities of which Mrs. Behn or Mrs. Centlivre had not a notion. We should not, however, recommend the republication for cheap and general perusal of numbers of works which the scholar has a right to demand. Our whole dramatic literature is necessary to the student of the stage. It is impossible to understand or write upon the development of the drama without tracing its rise in Athens and its progress through different ages and nations. The comedy of Athens was gross beyond modern conception. That of Rome was sanguinary and detestable. The early comedy of Italy is a sorry imitation of that of the Athens. In the miracle plays, by which theatrical entertainments were transmitted from antique to modern times, indecent words are spoken to, of, or by, divine personages. Yet the reprints of these are tolerated. When, if you once admit the notion of an index expurgatorius, are you to stop? One more question alone must be dealt with now. We do not object, say, in apology, our prudes of the press, to reprints of works in which the talent justifies the impropriety. But who is the judge of talent in these matters. Certainly not a critic, who says that Mrs. Behn has nothing but indecency. So much of vindication do we prefix to a notice of the republication of the plays of Mrs. Centlivre. Those who know the writings of this clever dramatist are aware that, except to ignorance, no apology for her is needed. Her works have a measure of that Attic salt which characterised the best writers of her day, and are not so exceptionally unclean as the writings of Shadwell, Dryden, Wycherley,

or Mrs. Behn. They hold their place, moreover, and two of her comedies remain on the list of acting plays. Within a few years of this time one of the works has been given at Drury Lane, and it is probable that more than one other might yet repay the costs of revival. A clear case in favour of a reprint of her works is thus advanced. When to this is added that they had of late gone up so much in popular demand that a copy was worth, according to condition, from five to twelve guineas, the utility of a reprint is sufficiently evident.

What was the original position of Mrs. Centlivre, and what was the time of her birth, are matters now concerning which little is known. Whincop has written a marvellous biography of her, the principal statements in which are certainly without corroboration and seem entirely fictitious. Nothing more romantic than some early episodes of her life is encountered in her own plays. No faith whatever can be placed upon anything said, and the first trustworthy fact advanced is that she was married in her sixteenth year to a nephew of Sir Stephen Fox. After his death, which took place within a year, she married again an officer named Carrol. With him she lived a year and a half when he died in a duel. At this time she took to writing for the stage, and some of her earlier works appeared under the name she then bore of Carrol. From writing for the stage to passing on to it was an easy and a natural transition. In 1706, accordingly, while acting the part of Alexander the Great, in Lee's *Rival Queens*, she captivated Mr. Joseph Centlivre, the yeoman of the month, who became her third husband, and, in whose house in Spring Gardens, Charing Cross, some seventeen years afterwards, she died. She was buried in St. Martin-in-the-Fields. During her dramatic career she gave to the world two tragedies and sixteen comedies. These works secured her the friendship and expressed admiration of Steele, Farquhar, and other literary men of the epoch. It is not easy to pronounce an opinion upon their merits. Her tragedies may very briefly be dismissed. They are in all essentials comedies provided with a tragic termination. The balance leans all the time in the direction of a happy issue when, at the last moment, a fatal termination comes as a surprise, and the piece has to be recorded as a tragedy. Her verse is slip-slop and her pathos ludicrous. It is on her comedies, however, her reputation lasts, and these have genuine quality. Free, they undoubtedly are, and not to be commended to general perusal. But, to the student, they recommend themselves by their remarkable bustle, animal spirits, and vitality. There is something of a Spanish air about them. The music of endless serenades rings through them, and their progress is all that of the cape and the sword. There is abundance of genuine and manly sentiment, and much knowledge of the world. One is a little puzzled to know why Wilks, the actor, was so prejudiced against her writings. More than once he refused to play in pieces of hers, which yet proved afterwards a great success; and it was concerning a play of hers, still sometimes revived, he uttered his mot that "not only would the play be damned but the authoress also for acting it." Her characters are seldom conventional, and some of them are framed with much skill. The duel between Sir William Meade and Ogle, in *The Beaux Duel*; or, *A Soldier for the Ladies*, is conceived in a genuinely comic spirit, and is very much superior to some modern imitations to which it has given rise. In this play, too, there is some coarse but effective satire upon the Quakers. *The Gamester* goes near being a genuinely fine play. Its hero, Valère, is quite as full of character as Foote's Liar, and is a much more respectable person, inasmuch as his vices, though the result of weakness, show no inherent unmanliness. A scene in this, in which the mistress of Valère, disguised as a man, wins from him a portrait she has given, is very amusing, and would tell well upon the modern stage. Witty, by the side of writers like Congreve, Mrs. Centlivre can scarcely be called. Her language has, however, the quality, rarer than wit, of dramatic appropriateness, and her works may be read with continuous amusement and interest. In republishing these works, Mr. Pearson has done genuine service to lovers of the drama, and we trust that, undismayed by Pharisaical whines and conventicle howls, he will accomplish the work he has set before him of giving us a complete reprint of the least accessible portions of our dramatic literature. In getting up, shape, and in all respects of appearance, this new edition is one of the handsomest and most desirable reprints we have seen. A facsimile of the well-known portrait is also given.

E. J.

VIENNA.—Madame Adelina Patti was to make a short stay here to rest after her exertions at Homburg, and then proceed to St. Petersburg. She will return from the northern capital on the 10th March, and open at the Wiedner Theatre.—Madame Anna von Flotow, formerly Mdle. Theen, and wife of the composer of *Martha*, died here on the 25th September, at the age of thirty-nine. Mdle. Nina Lamprocht, too, known on the stage under the name of Lamberti, died on the 22nd of the same month in her thirty-second year.

## PRESENTATION TO MDLLE. TIETJENS.

(From the Dublin "Freeman's Journal.")

The subjoined address was presented, at the conclusion of the oratorio on Sunday, by the rev. gentleman of the Cathedral, Marlborough Street, to Mdle. Tietjens, in recognition of her many kindnesses during a series of years:—

"To Mademoiselle Tietjens, from the Clergy of the Cathedral,  
Marlborough Street, Dublin.

"DEAR MDLLE. TIETJENS,—I have been requested to present to you this address, and to beg you kindly to accept it as expressing in some way the feelings which the priests of this Cathedral Church entertain for you. Led habitually by our sacred calling to make but sparing use of the effusive language of praise and admiration in the presence even of those who most justly deserve it, we wish on this occasion to employ those words only that forcibly suggest themselves. To some of us was given the happy opportunity of making your acquaintance when you first visited this metropolis. Since then the unvaried kindness manifested to them, the many gracious and valuable services which you have rendered them, have deepened this acquaintance into a friendship, burthened on their part with such obligations that they have now frankly to own their inability to fulfil them. Not to speak of the many times you delighted the inhabitants of this parish, filling our sacred edifice with tones of such music as bears the soul towards heaven, we feel that next to the generous aid of our parishioners, it is to you and our esteemed friend, Mr. Mapleson, and to the distinguished artists who have acted so kindly with you, that we are largely indebted for the grand instrument inaugurated so auspiciously in our church to-day—an instrument that will, we hope, sound forth the praise of the Almighty for centuries to come. But, besides the personal obligations under which your unchanging good nature has placed us, we feel that the ready assistance given always so heartily and with such winning grace to the cause of charity and religion in our city, demands, also, our warmest expression of gratitude. To erect and beautify the Temple of the Most High, to lend attraction to bazaars organised for the benefit of the destitute orphan, to adorn with all the loveliness and grandeur of religious art, the refuge of the innocent and friendless girl, such were the objects for which, at the first solicitation, your exquisite and unrivalled talents were successfully employed. Of these talents it is quite unnecessary for us to say a word. The civilised world has hardly a city of importance where the fame of your enchanting voice has not reached. Availing ourselves of an occasion so closely connected with the Divine Worship as the present one, we beg, in conclusion, to assure you that it is our heartfelt prayer that our Almighty and Bountiful Maker may ever graciously grant you His most holy and all-saving gifts. With the special assurance of my best feelings, I am, dear Mdle. Tietjens, your sincerely attached friend,

"St. Mary's, Marlborough Street,  
Dublin, October 6, 1872."

WALTER CANON MURPHY.

The address is written over seven pages of prepared vellum, and illuminated in the highest style of the illuminating art. The first page contains the formal record of the presentation, and the occasion that suggested it. This record is enclosed in a framework of illumination, and at the foot of the page is a miniature illumination of the little village of Ischl, close to the birthplace of the highly-gifted songstress. Beneath the picture are written the words, "*Der Kreuzstein Ischl*." The second page bears Mdle. Tietjens from memories of her own home to a land where she has achieved so many triumphs and fixed for herself an abiding remembrance. At the foot of the page is a little picture of Glendalough, with a round tower, an Irish wolf-dog, and a harp, grouped on its "gloomy shore." The words on this page are bordered by an illuminated margin, comprising groups of harmoniously blended flowers, and ranging over the four sides of the frame-work. The fourth page is rich with variegated illumination, running over the marginal border, and interspersed with representations of the lute and other instruments. Page 5 is an arabesque illustration, light in colouring, and bright in its ensemble. Page 6 is somewhat similar, except that it is deeper in tinge. In the seventh page the address is brought to its conclusion within a surrounding of arabesque, surmounted by a painted harp, and illustrated at intervals by wreaths of flowers. The covers are of brown morocco, let in with leather of the same description, but of various colours, blended. In the centre of the front cover is a raised monogram, containing the initial letters, "T. T.", intertwined with a lyre, both wrought in pure fresh gold. On the back cover is a vase of flowers, raised and wrought in the same material and manner as the illustration

on the front. The linings of the covers are of the same material in leather, and of crimson watered Irish tabinet. A case of morocco bears on its exterior the inscription, "*Address to Mdle. Tietjens*." The binding of address and case was executed by the firm of Thomson, Doyle, and Wall, of Montague Street, in our city. The penmanship and the illumination are the work of the pupils of the schools of the Sisters of Charity, King's Inn Street. The highest praise we could give is to say—that the presentation is worthy the gifted and genial lady in whose honour it was wrought.

## BEETHOVEN'S LOVE-LETTER.

FROM THE APPENDIX TO THE THIRD VOLUME OF THAYER'S  
LEBEN BEETHOVEN'S.

(Taken from the "*Neue Freie Presse*," with Remarks by Alfred Kalischer.)\*

(Continued from page 634.)

With a view, however, of proving that these results are not to be so easily shaken, and of bringing the one question of the love-letter to a certain end, in order that, while desiring to get to the bottom of the subject, the reader might have the materials in something like a complete state before him, Thayer, contrary to his usual custom, determined, that it might be published forthwith, to place at once in the hands of the gentleman who does the German version of his *Biography*, the section, from the appendix of the third volume of his *Beethoven*, containing the continuation of the investigation.

The author begins by giving us the well-known Love-Letter, which, according to Schindler, is addressed to the Countess Guicciardi, and which we also reproduce for the convenience of the reader:—

"July 6th, in the morning.

"My angel, my all, my self—only a few words to-day, and in lead pencil too (thy lead pencil)—my residence will not be settled till to-morrow, what a futile waste of time in such things—Why this profound grief, where necessity speaks—can our love exist otherwise than by sacrifices, by not demanding everything, canst thou alter the fact of thy not being entirely mine and of my not being entirely thine.—Oh, God, look at lovely nature, and tranquillise thy spirit about what must be—love promotes everything and with perfect justice, so is it for me with thee, and for thee with me—only thou forgettest so easily that I must live for myself and for thee—were we completely united, you would experience this painful feeling as little as I do.—My journey was fearful; I did not arrive here till four o'clock yesterday morning; as there was a scarcity of horses, the Post took another route, but what a fearful road; at the last station I was warned about travelling by night—made to fear a wood, but that only excited me, and I was wrong; the carriage must necessarily break down on such a road, a bottomless mere country road—without such postillions as I had, I should have been left by the way. Eszterhazy, on the other usual road hither had the same lot with eight horses as I had with four—yet I had partly some pleasure, as I always have, when I fortunately get over anything. Now quickly inwards from without. We shall probably soon see each other, and to-day I cannot communicate to thee the observations which, during these few days I have made on my life—were our hearts always close to each other, I should probably not make any such. My breast is full and has many things to tell thee—ah—there are moments when I find that language is still utterly nothing—cheer up—remain my true, my only darling, my all, as I am to thee; the rest must depend upon the Gods, what there must be for us and what there shall be.—Thy faithful Ludwig.

"Evening, Monday, 6th July.

"Thou sufferest, my dearest one—I have just learnt that the letters must be delivered very early. Mondays—Thursdays—the only days that the Post goes from here to K. Thou sufferest—ah, where I am, there art thou too with me, with me and thee I will do so that I may live with thee, what a life!!! so!!! without thee—pursued here and there by the kindness of mankind which I think as little of wishing to merit, as of

\*From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

meriting—. Humility of man towards man—it pains me—and when I contemplate myself in connection with the universe, what am I and what is he—whom they call the greatest—and yet—on the other hand in this consists the divine element of man—I weep when I think that it will probably not be before Saturday at the earliest that thou wilt hear from me—however much thou lovest me—I love thee still more strongly—but never conceal thyself from me—good night—as a visitor come for the waters I must go to bed. Ah God!—so near! so far! Is not our love a really heavenly structure—as steady as the firmament itself.

“Good Morning, the 7th July.

“Even in bed my ideas press forward to thee, my immortal beloved one, now and then joyous, then again sad, waiting upon fate to see if it will hear us—I can live only entirely with thee or not at all, yes I have resolved to wander about at a distance till I can fly into thy arms and can call myself quite at home with thee, and can despatch my soul surrounded by thee into the realm of spirits.\*—Yes, unfortunately it must be—thou wilt pluck up courage,

\*It is principally this passage in the epistle which must, unrelentingly and inexorably, deter any one familiar with Beethoven's genius from assigning this love which will suffer nothing near it to so late a period as 1806 or absolutely 1807. Ludwig van Beethoven possessed a heroically proud disposition, over which sentimental Werther-like ideas did not exert any very great influence. But an expression such as: “I can live either entirely with thee or not at all” is the most violent form of Wertherian paroxysm. A man of proved and iron artistic mind, like Beethoven, can, however, in his thirty-sixth or thirty-seventh year, scarcely be so entangled in the bonds of Wertherism for his entire existence to appear to him utterly unbearable because adverse fate interposes an insurmountable barrier between him and the object of his love. This would run counter to the nature of all phenomenal geniuses, especially that of Beethoven. In his thirty-sixth or thirty-seventh year, Beethoven had folded his divine mistress, true, immortal Art, with such glowing ardour in his arms, and had, by her means, enjoyed such innumerable delights, that he could not well have made all his wish to live dependent upon his possessing an earthly wife. In his thirty-first or thirty-second year, however, such ideas concerning marriage have nothing strange about them for an artist. Can a man of artistic genius, who has already completed works like the *Sinfonia Eroica*, the opera of *Fidelio*, the Sonatas in D minor and F minor (Op. 57), the Pianoforte Concertos in C minor and G major, the Quatuors Op. 59, and the Symphony in B flat, and who has sketched out the Symphonies in C minor and F major (the Pastoral)—can a man at this creative height even think he cannot support life without the object of his love? This view of the question is by no means contrary to the well-known fact that men of a genial artistic disposition are far more susceptible of love than other persons. But the history of artistic genius cannot show any one instance in which great genius really succumbed to the pangs of love. Art rather impels the most unfortunate love to its most splendid creations. When an artist has arrived at a perfect consciousness of the strength of his genius, he is so inspired, so full of sacred conceptions, that it is no longer possible for any idea of suicide, based upon the pangs of love, to spring upon his mind. The delirium of love, with its disturbing power is then overcome, although a creative spirit always retains to the greatest age the capability of loving. Goethe, when growing old has a right to say:—

“Wer nicht mehr liebt und nicht mehr irrt,  
Der lasse sich begraben.”

[“Who no more loves or goes astray,  
Had best be buried straight.”]

As an old man of seventy-four (1823), he conceived a violent passion for the young Fräulein von Lewezow—Love, therefore, is one thing, and a man's belief that he cannot exist without the object of his love, another. In Beethoven's case, too, we must take into consideration the fact that, previous to the year 1806, he had made most wonderful progress in abnegation. In a physiological point of view, supposing we still hold to the year 1806, it must appear still more problematical that Beethoven, in this very summer, when he is represented as being so terribly cut up by the pangs of love, should lay aside the tragic C minor Symphony, which he had begun, in order completely to carry out the Symphony in B flat major, one of his most graceful and most cheerful compositions. In Thayer's *Biography*, for the year 1806 (vol. ii., p. 324), we read: “The Symphony in B flat, was the principal work of this year. As is evident from the sketches, its successor, the fifth in C minor, was already commenced, but was laid aside to make way for it.”—If we glance round on the works more especially of this particularly productive year, we find that the cheerful element far, far outweighs the tragic element, and weariness of the world. Let any one consult the Triple Concerto, Op. 56, composed this year, the Pianoforte Concerto in G, the Violin Concerto in D, and the Quatuors in F and C (Op. 59). When we put all these things together, it is really extremely difficult to attribute to the year 1806 this Love-Letter, affording us a glimpse of such a bottomless abyss of grief in the writer's soul.

the more because thou knowest my truth towards thee, never can another possess my heart, never—never—O God, why must we part, what one so loves, and yet my life in W.\* as at present, is but a hard life—thy love made me the happiest and at the same time the unhappiest of men—at my years now I should require some uniformity equality of life—can there be this in our relations to each other?—Angel, I have just learnt that the post goes out every day, and I must therefore close, so that thou mayest soon receive the B.” [B., initial of *Brief*, “letter.”]—Be calm, it is only by calm contemplation of our being that we can attain our object of living together—be calm—love me—to-day—yesterday—what yearning with tears for thee—thou—thou—my life—my all—farewell—continue to love me—never misjudge the most true heart of thy beloved L.

“Ever thine  
“Ever mine  
“Ever us.”

#### FLOTOW'S NEW OPERA.

M. Flotow's latest opera, *L'Ombre*, seems in a fair way of eclipsing even his *Martha*, not to speak of his *Ame en peine*, or his *Stradella*. For years past, *Martha*, without excepting the admired productions of Verdi, has undoubtedly been the most universally popular of modern operas. In *L'Ombre*, however, it would appear that *Martha* has not only found a successor, but a dethroner. No lyric drama of recent times has, in so short a period, made the tour of Europe. Not only has *L'Ombre* made the tour of Europe, but the tour has been a series of triumphs. The form of the work is something akin to that of Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, to her very original and enchanting impersonation of the principal character in which that extraordinary artist, Ilma di Murska, owes no small part of her fame. But whereas, in *Dinorah*, there are only three leading characters, in *L'Ombre* there are four—which gives us the vocal quartet complete, both in a dramatic and a musical sense. I have had to speak repeatedly of the immense success of *L'Ombre*, in Italy, Germany, Spain, Russia, and Belgium, and I have now to record a similar result achieved, during the course of a single week, in four French towns—Moulins, Nevers, Dijon, and Rouen. Details of the performances (for which we will have no space) are published by the *Gazette Musicale de Paris*. “The welcome accorded to *L'Ombre*”—says your contemporary—“is the same everywhere—everywhere enthusiastic and unanimous.” M. de Saint Georges, author of the *spirituel* and captivating libretto, being at Nevers when *L'Ombre* was about to be presented, was invited by the manager of the theatre, and the four leading artists, to assist at the performance, and afterwards to make one at a “*petit souper*” of the most delicate and refined. It was much to be regretted that M. Flotow had not also been within hail; for, if I may believe report, M. de Saint Georges, at this convivial meeting—at which toasts were cordially exchanged, in honour of an almost unprecedented success—had more than his fair portion of those sparkling beverages in which the toasts were drunk.

Z. Z.

Paris, Oct. 5.

LUBECK.—The Theatre is now under a new manager, Herr Bruno Langer, who opened the season with Herr von Flotow's *Martha*. The opera was preceded by a *Festmarsch*, the composition of Herr Langer himself, who also conducted it, and by a prologue.

DRESDEN.—The Dresden General Vocal Union was to celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary on the 5th and 6th inst. It was founded in the year 1847, chiefly by the exertions of the late Professor Löwe, who managed it for seventeen years. The first day was to be devoted to a grand concert, the second part of which was to be taken up by a composition of Herr Wilhelm Sturm's: *Tannhäuser's Pilgerfahrt nach Rom*, dramatic scenes for solos, chorus, and orchestra. There was to be a convivial gathering afterwards, as well as a grand dinner and a ball on the second day. We may mention that the Union, consisting of nine smaller societies, with about three hundred members, is, perhaps, the oldest in Saxony, and has numbered among its artistic directors some leading musicians, such as Herren Krebs, J. Otto, Fr. Reichel, J. G. Müller, etc.—Mdlle. Orgeni has been singing with success at the Theatre Royal. The lady has lately taken to Herr R. Wagner's operas.

“W.” “Wien,” “Vienna.”



### The Theatres.

Since the opening of Drury Lane, the magnificent spectacle, the *Lady of the Lake*, has been preceded by the well-known farce, *Phœbus's Fix*, sustained, of course, by the Vokes family. On Saturday, however, the old drollery was exchanged for a new one of the same description, entitled *Fun in a Fog*. Here Messrs. Frederick and Faudon Vokes, travelling to the far West, get terribly sea-sick, and are tormented by the Misses Vokes, who persecute them in various disguises. The pantomimic and terpsichorean talent of the inimitable five is as conspicuous as ever under the new circumstances.

At the Princess's, which has cast off the dinginess that veiled its lustre for many years, and now appears cheerful and well appointed throughout, the series of Shakspearean plays is continued. On Saturday, the *Merchant of Venice* was revived, with Mr. Phelps in the character of Shylock, which, during five nights next week, will be alternately played by him and Mr. Creswick. The house was crowded.

Mr. H. J. Montague commenced his second season at the Globe, on Saturday night, with the revival of Mr. Byron's drama, *Cyril's Success*. The cast was almost new, but we rarely see a piece requiring a number of actors, more equally and satisfactorily sustained. Cyril Cuthbert, the suddenly successful young author, who neglects his wife, and is brought to penitence by a repulse of fortune, is represented by Mr. Montague himself, with all the gentlemanlike ease which has rendered him one of the most popular of London actors, and with an amount of pathos that could hardly have been anticipated. Miss Carlotta Addison, with her genuine and unobtrusive manner of portraying deep-seated grief, finds a congenial character in the unhappy Mrs. Cuthbert, and her friend, the strong-minded, strong-speaking Miss Grannett, could not be played with more sustained power than by Miss Larkin. For the fascinating widow, Mrs. Singleton Bliss, we have Miss Hughes (Mrs. G. Murray), who is a valuable addition to Mr. Montague's company, and the good-hearted little Titeboy, who has had several successors in more recent dramas, is as popular as ever in the hands of Miss Rose Massey. The literary hack, Pincher, is played by Mr. Compton, with his usual dry humour; and by the quaint way in which he makes disagreeable remarks he renders himself ever agreeable to the audience. The only character of importance sustained by one of the original cast is Captain Treherne, represented with ease and finish by Mr. D. Fisher. The comedy, which was received with the heartiest approbation, was followed by Mr. Byron's "original whimsicality," the *Spur of the Moment*.

Mr. H. J. Byron's engagement continues at the Strand Theatre, and on Saturday night he revived his *Prompter's Box*, brought out at the Adelphi upwards of two years ago, giving it the new title of the *Two Stars*. The piece has been reduced from four acts to three, and found great favour with the audience, Mr. Byron, of course, sustaining his original character—Fitzaltamont.

As for the Holborn Theatre, for the present, we content ourselves with recording the fact that the house was re-opened for the season on Saturday, under the management of Mr. Joseph Fell, and that *Miss Chester*, a new drama by Sir Charles Young and Miss Florence Marryat, was produced with every show of success.

Saturday night, eventful to many theatres in central London, was likewise rendered notable on the other side of the water by the re-opening of the Surrey Theatre, under the management of Miss Virginia Blackwood, a lady new to the capital, but celebrated in the provinces, who has commenced her rule by producing a dramatic version of Mr. Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge*, entitled *Dolly Varden*, and by playing therein the two parts of Dolly and Miss Miggs, to the infinite satisfaction of the Transpontine public, who assembled largely on the occasion.

It is a fact of the present autumn that the suburban theatres are displaying unwonted activity, and that the performances are of a more than usually solid character. The once famed Sadler's Wells, which had long faded from view, now flourishes with a revival of *Janet Pride*, followed by the old-fashioned *Lady of the Lake*. While the Surrey is re-opened with a version of *Barnaby Rudge*, the Victoria gives the *Colleen Bawn*, and to-night (Monday) Mr. Bandmann will commence a series of Shakspearean performances at the Standard. Even the Greenwich Theatre, which was built a few years ago, and seemed destined to an existence rather short, has started into at least local celebrity, through the exertions of the indefatigable Mr. Cave, who, combining the functions of a manager and a missionary, has taken great pains not only in putting his pieces on the stage, but in civilizing a Kentish public, which, once famed for rough proclivities, now furnishes the most orderly and highly appreciative audiences. His principal drama, *Kathleen Mavourneen*, a sort of Milesian *Victorine*, is far more interesting than many melodramas with which people are better acquainted, and the interest is much heightened by the refined and unaffected acting of Miss Litton, as the many-fated maiden named in the title.

The re-appearance of Mr. Charles Mathews, after his Australian and

American tour, was hailed at the Gaiety Theatre with all the enthusiasm due to one of the most accomplished comic actors of the present day. No sooner had he set his foot on the stage as Mr. Twiggton, in the *Curious Case*, than a shout of welcome rose, so loud and so continuous that for some minutes it seemed doubtful whether the piece would not come to a standstill. Directly he was allowed to make himself heard, and to move from the position of mere thankfulness, he showed that he was not the mere shadow of a familiar name. He enjoys the same evergreen youth which distinguished him when he quitted this country, and the somewhat dull play derived animation from his exuberant vitality. The *Curious Case* was followed by Sheridan's *Critic*, in which Mr. Matthews so admirably represents the two principal characters, Puff and Sir Fretful Plagiary. Every nook in the house was occupied.

### MUSIC AT BIRMINGHAM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The winter musical season (so to speak) has "fairly commenced," and if Messrs. Harrison, to whom credit is due for the first concert, cannot lay claim to gratitude on the score of novelty in the pieces selected, they are at least entitled to favourable recognition for the powerful array of vocalists presented to the public; and, judging from the crowded state of the Town Hall, Birmingham forms no exception to the rule, which but too generally obtains both in London and elsewhere—that of setting up the executant above the work executed—giving the palm to the interpreter rather than to the creator. So long, however, as those who pay their money are content, and well-worn numbers such as "O luce di quest' anima," "Di pescatore," "M'appari tutt' amor," "Il segreto," "Qui sdegno," the prison duet from *Il Trovatore*, and spinning-wheel quartet from *Marta*—executed by artists like Mlle. Ilma di Murska, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signori Campanini and Foli—attract crowds, while music of a higher character would possibly be given to empty benches, it is but of little use for the purists to lift up their voice and bemoan the taste of the age. No doubt the great attraction upon this occasion was Signor Campanini, whose fame must have been loudly trumpeted in advance, if one may judge from the exceedingly warm reception accorded to the new tenor so soon as he appeared in the orchestra. Nor were the favourable anticipations apparently disappointed, long and hearty applause following both his airs, which were encored with enthusiasm. For my own part, I have not, from the first, been one of the enthusiastic worshippers of Signor Campanini. Charming though his voice may be, and much though there is to admire in his management of so exceptionally fine an organ, he is yet a long way from Giuglini; while, as to comparing him to Mario, nothing but blind fanaticism or awful ignorance could suggest such a parallel—at least, in the present phase of Signor Campanini's career. What may be done in the future remains for himself, by dint of much study, unceasing practice, and highly developed intelligence, to accomplish.

In addition to the artists already named, Signor Borella, though his humour was conveyed in a language, the meaning of which was probably a hidden mystery to the largest majority of those present, seemed to amuse vastly; while Mr. F. H. Cowen, in his three-fold capacity of composer, accompanist, and pianoforte soloist, well deserved the approbation so liberally bestowed—his song, "Marguerite," admirably rendered by Madame Trebelli, being unanimously encored, and a like compliment being also paid to the *Valse caprice*, played by Mr. Cowen with a taste and judgment which left absolutely nothing to desire. To name other encores would be almost to transcribe the programme.

Next week, the Festival Choral Society give their opening concert, announcing Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, with Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Messrs. Byron and Lewis Thomas as the attractions.

D. H.

CHARLOTTENBURG.—A second concert was lately given in the Schloss-theater for the benefit of the Augusta Hospital Lottery. The programme included, among other things, Beethoven's A major Sonata for Piano and Violoncello, played by Herren Lessmann and Schröder; the Abbaté Liszt's "Rienzi-Fantasiestück," played by Herr Lessmann, and a Violoncello Concerto of Molique's, played by Herr Schröder. Madame Alice Staudacher sang an air from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and three songs. The conductor was Herr Lessmann.

## MUSIC AT BERLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

The huge *Restauration* in the Zoological Gardens dismisses its army of waiters; the band plays no more on Tuesdays and Saturdays by Neptune's statue; the *carnivora* retire into their winter's quarters; and the Sunday takings at the wicket fall from £500 to one-twentieth of that sum. The (subventioned), Royal Theatre has left off playing *Cinderella* and taken to *Don Carlos*, *Emilia Galotti*, and other masterpieces of the German drama, in recognition of the facts that the light-hearted, frivolous summer is over, and that the grave, critical, æsthetic winter has taken its place. A "Cyklus" of stringed quartets is already announced, and the first Philharmonic Concert will come off this week at the Opera House. This last-named institute, despite its handsome income and comparatively high prices, is in a terrible fix with regard to its winter programme. It has fallen for some time past into a vein of bad luck, and its talented director awaits the coming season with a sinking heart; as matters stand, he will have to cater for a series of exceptionally intolerant audiences with little or no executive *matériel* for a moderately palatable musical feast.

The Berlin Opera is, unhappily, dependent upon a small number of distinguished vocalists for the favour in which it is still held by the public, which, though it growls chronically at the distressing incapacity displayed by the singers engaged to fill the second and third rate parts, will always crowd the house to listen to one of its spoiled pets—Luca or Mallinger. To the great discomfiture of M. de Hülsen, his sheet anchor, Madame de Rhaden, has been carried away by a wave of gold to America; and the cable of his best bower, Madame Mallinger, threatens to part every minute. Long and bitter have been the rivalry and struggle for supremacy between these sirens of song; time after time has each, in her turn, threatened to quit the throne of a divided sovereignty; in vain has the direction striven to conciliate either, and keep on good terms with both. Opera-goers were at war with one another; the Mallinger portion vilified and sometimes thumped the Luccaites, and *vice versa*. Elsa's followers used to wait until Zerlina (Auber's, not Mozart's,) issued from the stage-door, in order to hoot and pelt her, and when Eva Pogner made her appearance upon the stage she ran the risk of being greeted with a storm of hisses by those enthusiasts who deem that a certain Cherubino is the most fascinating, soul-subduing of pages—as she certainly is. Once or twice—notably, one dreadful night when La Mallinger was playing Susanna to La Lucca's "fanfalone amoroso"—the performance was brought to a dead stop, and the curtain lowered in the middle of the action of the piece, owing to the riotous conduct of the two factions. When the disturbances had subsided, Madame de Rhaden electrified the audience by stepping forward to the footlights, withering her enemies by such a look as seldom flashes from her beautiful blue eyes, and exclaiming in a tone of angry scorn—"I am not accustomed to be insulted; pray understand this, once for all!"—having said which, she turned her back on the house, and left the stage, nor could she be induced to return to it that evening. A more resolute and fiery little lady does not live; and, but for the entreaties of more than one exalted personage, from whom she has received countless proofs of esteem and affection, she would have allowed that indignant speech to be her final farewell to the Berlin public. Through the highest influence, brought personally to bear upon her, her resolve to quit precipitately the scene of her greatest triumphs was modified; but the ingratitude manifested towards her by the Berliners, whom she had so long and faithfully served, rankled in her mind, and eventually resulted in the breach of contract which recently made so painful a sensation in this city. She is gone from among us, never to return. She has forfeited all her claims to pension, incurred a heavy pecuniary penalty, and shaken the dust of Berlin from the soles of her pretty feet. In England, America, and Russia she will earn a vastly larger income than she could ever hope to gain in thrifty Prussia, and will enjoy a consideration and sympathy never accorded to great artists here.

To enhance the severity of this calamity, it would appear that Russia has made it worth Mme. Mallinger's while to follow her charming rival's example, and sever her connection with the

Royal Opera House. It is announced that she has accepted a long engagement at St. Petersburg, and has declared herself ready to pay the contract penalty of £1,800 to which she is liable in virtue of the obligations she undertook when she was engaged by M. de Hülsen. If this be so, we shall be without a *prima donna assoluta*, as we are already without a first tenor or *basso profondo*. I hear that Marianne Brandt, our leading contralto, has also announced her intention of quitting Berlin for a better engagement elsewhere; so that the coming season promises to present the curious phenomenon of an enormous *répertoire*—no other operahouse in Europe is able to put as many operas on the stage, at four-and-twenty hours' notice, as that of Berlin—mainly dependent for its execution upon a magnificent baritone, Herr Betz, a mediocre soprano, Mme. de Voggenhuber, and a crew of fourth-rate stop-gaps that would not draw full houses in a small provincial (say Grand Ducal), theatre. State theatres in Germany do not, in fact, keep pace with the times we live in. Their directors, cultivated gentlemen and conscientious officials, are not at liberty to obey their inspirations in the matter of engagements; while the absence of competition with the institutes they administer deprives them of an important stimulus to exertion. They will not—or rather, in justice to men so intelligent and accomplished as MM. de Dingelstadt and de Hülsen, I should say, they *may* not—pay the prices that English and American *impresarii* eagerly offer for first-class talent. They are confined, too, to Germany in their choice of artists; for the German language, although the most unsuitable of all to the lyrical drama, is insisted upon by those who support the operahouses of the Fatherland. When they are fortunate enough, as in the case of this Hof-Oper, to possess one or two stars of the greater magnitude, whose lustre is universally acknowledged, and who in every respect comply with the difficult conditions offered to artists by a German State theatre, it is too evident that they are not able to keep them. The consequence of this unhappy concatenation of circumstances is that a public in some respects the most instructed in Europe is compelled to listen to performances at a London, New York, Petersburg, or Moscow opera audience would not tolerate.

Berlin, Oct. 8th.

HERR RITTER VON K——.

## MONTHLY POPULAR CONCERTS.

In connection with these excellent concerts, the success of which has been due to the unremitting efforts of Mr. Ridley Prentice, we read in a prospectus of the coming season:—

"The educational value of these concerts has been widely recognised, and a general desire has been expressed that they should become a permanent institution. In order to this, the following gentlemen have formed themselves into a committee, especially with the view of obtaining a larger subscription list, and any of them will be happy to receive the names of subscribers. The list of patrons shows the high estimation in which these concerts are held by some of the leading members of the musical profession. The programmes will consist, as hitherto, of writings by the best masters, selected chiefly from the works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., but including also the productions of living authors—Sterndale Bennett, G. A. Macfarren, H. Holmes, Prout, Silas, and others, whose works have already been listened to with interest; while the names of the artists engaged are a guarantee of the excellence of the performance. These concerts were the first attempt of the kind in the suburbs of London, and the committee invite the support and co-operation of all who recognise the importance and value of a pure taste and an elevated ideal in art."

Then follow the names of many gentlemen of local influence, and a list of works to be performed. Six concerts are announced, beginning October 22nd, when the concerted pieces will be played by Mr. Prentice (piano), Messrs. Henry Holmes, Folkes, Burnett, and Pezze (strings). We sincerely congratulate Mr. Prentice upon the success of his now matured enterprise, and wish it long continuance.

WARSAW.—The subscriptions throughout all the former kingdom of Poland for the utterly destitute family of the late operatic composer, Moniuszko, amount to no more than about 6,000 silver roubles, towards which Prussian and Austrian sympathy scarcely contributes three hundred.—The newly engaged tenor, M. Rappaport, a Russian, has appeared, but with only moderate success, at the Russian Operahouse, as Jontek, in Moniuszko's opera, *Halka* (The Maggie).

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSICOLO.—Nothing of the sort has come to hand. But why a new National Anthem?

## NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1872.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS has addressed the following letter and enclosure to the *Carnarvon and Denbigh Herald*, in which paper both appeared last Saturday:—

"SIR,—I have recently had some correspondence with Mr. Willert Beale about the National Music Meetings at the Crystal Palace. I have 'suggested' a prize for choirs consisting of working men or mechanics, as I think that a competition between choirs of ordinary workmen, and those of the metropolis, would hardly be a 'fair race.' London choirs, for example, have unusual advantages in training and education, and their conductors are men of great eminence and experience. It is true that, last season, the South Wales Choir gained the great prize of the year, and very deservedly. But if Lealie's or Barnby's choirs were to compete next season, I certainly should consider that in such a case our countrymen would not be fairly placed. Mr. Willert Beale, however, although he has most kindly promised to 'reconsider' my suggestion at a future period, does not share my anxieties; for, judging from what he heard during his late visit to the Eisteddfod at Portmadoc, he still thinks the Welsh Choirs would be quite capable of competing under any circumstances. Such an opinion from an authority like Mr. Willert Beale is of great value, and I need scarcely add that it has given me very sincere pleasure. I feel greatly interested in the subject, not only as a Welshman, but as one most anxious to promote the musical education of his countrymen, and the study of choral music by working men throughout the Kingdom. Apart from the mere question of music, there are matters connected with it—the innocent recreation of the working classes and the employment of their leisure hours—which, in an age like the present, are well deserving of the attention of all who feel an interest in the welfare of their countrymen. I wish that some generous and patriotic men—such as Lord Penrhyn, Sir Watkin Wynn, and others—could be induced to offer a prize at the Crystal Palace for North and South Wales Choirs. A prize so presented would be a great encouragement. It would be productive of excellence in music, and be of great public service; and I feel sure it would be most highly appreciated. I enclose a letter from Mr. Willert Beale, containing some interesting remarks upon the subject of this communication, and other details concerning the choral competitions at the Crystal Palace next year.—I remain, truly yours,

"St. Mary Abbott's Terrace, Kensington,

"BRINLEY RICHARDS.

"September 30, 1872."

[COPY.]

Crystal Palace, Sydenham, Sept. 25, 1872.

"MY DEAR BRINLEY RICHARDS,—I assure you I have very carefully considered your suggestion of a class exclusively for Mechanics. Mr. Grove and I have had a long conversation about it. I do not see my way to it. In the first place we have increased the prize list by ninety-five pounds, and the directors would not go further. Then the music selected for competition is not of a character to prevent any choir in good training to hope for a prize. The time to prepare is long enough to enable any resolute body of musicians to qualify itself in every way for the contest. Sight-singing, be it remembered, is not imperatively necessary. All we ask is perfect performance of the music announced. However, I will certainly bear your suggestion in mind, but hope, if not acted upon next year, we shall nevertheless have several choirs from North and South Wales. There is really nothing in the competitions to alarm such choirs as I heard at Portmadoc. I trust you will give your aid to the good cause, and let me know if there be any means I can adopt, and may have overlooked, to secure it.—Yours very truly,

"Brinley Richards, Esq."

"WILLETT BEALE.

We entirely sympathise with Mr. Richards in his desire to promote the culture of music among working men, but we are entirely unable to support the suggestion of his letter—that a prize should be reserved for choral bodies of mechanics. Such a step would not only constitute a dangerous precedent, by opening the door to a chaos of classes, but it would remove one great incentive to the work of self-improvement. Competition among men of equal advantages is a good thing, undoubtedly; but a still better thing is competition under circumstances which demand extraordinary exertion. Take, for instance, the Welsh choirs, whose interests Mr. Brinley Richards has specially at heart. It is probable that the prize of any contest limited to "working men" would fall easily into their hands. At all events, there are very few English choral bodies similarly made up which show an equal degree of skill and good training. To match the Welsh "mechanics" against amateurs of their own class only would, therefore, put a premium upon contentment with their present efficiency. Far better will it be for the Cambrian singers to know that next year they may have to contend with the best of English choralists, victory over whom would constitute a triumph, and defeat an honour. Such knowledge will do more for Welsh musical culture in one year than ten years of easy conquest over rival bodies of "mechanics." This is one reason why we cannot "row in the same boat" with Mr. Brinley Richards.

Unless we greatly mistake the plucky Welshmen, they have already found out another reason why we should disagree with their distinguished countryman. Mr. Richards' letter, in point of fact, might easily be looked upon as an exhibition of the white feather. It amounts, so looked upon, to this:—"The Welsh choir won great honour through the accident of non-competition. That accident is not likely to happen again, and, if it do not, where will the Welsh Choir find themselves? Let us hasten to avert their fall by averting their chance of encountering a superior." So might Mr. Richards be interpreted; and we can imagine nothing more offensive to his Cambrian brethren. In their case, emphatically, *noblesse oblige*. They are, nominally at least, the "Champion Choir," and it would be the height of meanness were they to cry out, "We will only fight people of our own size." The Welshmen are, happily, not prone to be guilty of such conduct. Rather do they rejoice—or the old Welsh valour has died out—in the hope of meeting the best opponents England can bring against them. But were this not the case, certain Welsh utterances have made withdrawal impossible. It was said at Portmadoc, by a no less typical representative of Welshmen than Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, that English choirs had not "blood enough" to meet the Cambrian singers at the Crystal Palace? The taunt is likely to bear fruit; and what would English orators say, in turn, were the Cambrians to decline a contest?

Clearly, Mr. Richards was ill-advised when he wrote to Mr. Beale, and Mr. Beale was well-advised when he wrote to Mr. Richards.

THE following letter, *apropos* of the first Saturday concert at the Crystal Palace (Oct. 5th), was published by a morning contemporary, in his Wednesday's impression:—

SIR,—With reference to an appeal of your critic in his very gratifying remarks on the last Saturday Concert, allow me to say that I used the name, "The Power of Sound," for *Die Weihe der Töne* (now and always much against the grain) merely as the



accepted English title of the work—just as I should use "*The Mount of Olives*," for *Christus am Oelberge*, or "*Calvary*," for *Des Heilands letzte Stunden*—in the belief that any other, however accurate, would be misunderstood by the majority of my readers. Your critic has only to refer to my remarks on the symphony in question in the programmes of the Saturday Concerts of February 1, 1868, and February 11, 1871, to see that his opinion on the point is quite mine. *Du reste*, the title is hardly more obnoxious to reason and taste than those of "*Moonlight*," "*Pastoral*," "*Appassionata*," "*Jupiter*," &c., which have gradually attached themselves to certain works of Beethoven and Mozart as firmly as "*The Power of Sound*" has to Spohr's splendid symphony.—Your obedient servant,  
G.

Crystal Palace, October 8.

The multifarious, polyhedric, pantological "G," who unites in his one person the capacities of Argus and Briareus, here overlooks the fact, that there were reasons (*English theological reasons*) for changing the names of Beethoven's and Spohr's oratorios; and that the names given to the sonatas of Beethoven and the symphony of Mozart are not translations, but fancy titles, appended to them by publishers, and God knows who. On the other hand, the English name given to Spohr's Fourth Symphony pretends to be a translation of the composer's own title. But as the German word, *Weihe*, does not mean "Power," but "Consecration," the liberty thus taken with the originally intended title is altogether inadmissible—and, indeed, absurd. What would "G," the most laborious and enthusiastic of bibliopholists, the most eager and pertinacious of *cumini sectores*, say if he observed in a programme, not signed "G," Beethoven's overture, *Die Weihe des Hauses*, translated, "*The Power of the House*." It would surely have the effect on him of *risum movere* and that of *lacrymas excire* combined; for "G." is not only a pundit but a bit of a wag in the bargain. He would laugh at the blunder, and weep that humanity should have been capable of it. All hail to him!

B. P.

#### HIGH-FALUTIN.

**H**ERR VON RUBINSTEIN'S exhibitions on the piano-forte have driven some of the American critics, not into ecstasies, but hysterics. They speak in spasms, or "fyttes," after the manner of the "possessed." Here is a sample:—

Hasn't the world of fine art caught a Tartar?

Methinks so.

By one sweep of the keys Rubinstein has closed the pianos of all the professionals in the land.

Perhaps I might except Mills in this sweeping assertion, and I will.

Mills may continue to play, but everybody else must stop—at least until the memory of Rubinstein shall have passed away for ever.

But will it pass away?

Never!

The photographs of this "unutterable potentate" of the piano don't look like him.

They can't.

The art is not invented that can copy him truthfully.

Can you photograph the grandeur of Niagara?

I tell you this wild, long-haired Asiatic (I reject Grau's biographical fables with scorn) has overawed us.

Now we see what babies in art our home-grown giants are!

Now we have drank in refreshing draughts of music from the pure fountain source of genius.

Was it a dream? that rush of unearthly harmony on Monday night?

Let us stick pins in our arms henceforward to ensure the reality of a performance that is too mysteriously grand, too marvellously beautiful to be accurately described except by a corresponding power of genius.

Byron should have lived to immortalize Rubinstein.

Great heavens! To think of his being fawned upon and applauded by the hop-toads and embraced by the belly-crawling reptiles of Bohemia.

What a desecration!

A *Herald* reporter commissioned to measure this pyramid of living genius!

Infamia!

Rubinstein seems the sum total of past art, and is moreover an age in advance of his time.

The piano does not suffice him.

It is as a toy to an athlete.

A nobler, more resonant instrument is demanded for the exhibition of his massive thought.

Nothing less than the variety of the whole orchestra seems equal to his magnificent requirements.

But what can Steinway do about it?

Can the concert grand be magnified to suit the glorious emergencies of genius like this?

I fear not.

Genius is of the infinite; art of the finite.

The lesser cannot be made to contain the greater, and were Rubinstein to be blessed with an instrument of five times the power, his giant resources would exhaust it all the same, and leave the enraptured ear tingling for more of his glorious wealth of sound.

But wot he strike Boston dumb! Wot he cast out the devil of supercilious criticism that has been gnawing at the vitals of that renowned art centre for a generation.

How the memory of its Jubilee will dwindle and fade under the effulgence of this Sun of Harmony!

For this I shout "hurra!"

All praise to Grau that Boston is to be at length abashed, and its asinine critics brayed as in a mortar.

Again I will remark, "Hurra!"

The above was interjected by "An Old Stager;" and if such things are done in the dry tree, what must be done in the green? Alas for the verdant critics! Alas! yet more for the people who are led by such verbal contortions. Treble alas! for "An Old Stager," who is found, at an advanced time of life, hiccupping such incoherence.

The rhapsody, a very bad imitation of "Nym Crinkle," was published in the *New York Fifth Avenue Journal*, which moves us to inquire which is the lunatic asylum nearest to the office of that hebdomadal. The great London advertisers, Moses and Hyam, by the way, having lost their original poets, would do well to propose conditions to this New York "Old Stager"—*sui generis* unique.

Seriously, such turgid, nonsensical bombast in speaking of Rubinstein is rather an insult than a compliment to that extraordinarily gifted artist.

#### THE ORGANIST FOR THE GREAT MELBOURNE ORGAN.

(To the Editor of the "Melbourne Argus.")

SIR—Without detriment to their corporate or individual sagacity, I venture to submit that the mayor, aldermen, and councillors of Melbourne have a most difficult task before them in the selection of a city organist, to be the custodian of one of the grandest instruments the world can boast of. Could they consult the leading musicians of England and other parts of Europe, they might be relieved of a part of their responsibility; but isolated as we are from advanced civilisation, it is difficult to find a "good and true" jury before which to try the merits of candidates for the post of city organist. I would, therefore (not being an aspirant for honours), suggest that the city council should call to their aid a musical board, to assist them in their selection of a permanent controller of the organ, and that, subject to conditions to be specified by the corporation, this board should elect a permanent organist. The elective board should consist of the leading musical professors and organists of Melbourne and its suburbs, and the votes should be recorded by ballot, after the various candidates have played more than once, in public, before the judges.—I am, &c.,

J. S. SEDDON,

(Organist of Christ's Church, St. Kilda.)

August 10th.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A MORNING contemporary says, that "the first of the Saturday Concerts, at the Crystal Palace, has now for many years been regarded as the flourish of trumpets which heralds the approach of our autumn and winter musical season." That is quite true; and a vigorous flourish it is, full of health and healthy promise, telling us, like a fresh mountain breeze, of good and pleasant things to come. The flourish is especially grateful to amateurs of genuine music, inasmuch as it is a flourish which informs them that the "Palace made of Windows" is once again formally declared "open" to the masters of the art; and that, henceforth, week after week, for six months onwards, they may expect to hear one of those great orchestral symphonies which are the real glories of music, because they represent what music can express without extraneous help—"abstract music," if it please Herr Richard Wagner, and, please or displease Herr Wagner, music in its highest form and manifestation. How these symphonies are usually played at the Crystal Palace, under the direction of Mr. Auguste Manns, our readers know full well. They have had long experience, and are invariably anxious to renew that experience. It is not simply a matter of magnificence and memory, such as Lord Verulam alludes to in his *Advancement of Learning*, but a matter of fact; no Aladdin's Palace, to be conjured away, in the twinkling of an eye, by a rusty lamp; but a solid superstructure, made to endure, and upon which the winds and waves of time can exercise no prejudicial influence. That the Crystal Palace Concerts may go on and prosper from year to year, for the advantage not only of us who are living, but of those destined to come after us, must be the earnest wish of all who care for art in its purity and unswerving truth.

NORWICH does well and gracefully to confer the freedom of her ancient towers and streets upon Sir Julius Benedict. This accomplished musician has long and skilfully conducted the musical festivals, for which the "city in the orchard" is so well known; and it is quite impossible for Norwich—albeit she is both a city and a country in herself (and, moreover, has two rivers)—to repay the able and erudite composer for all the pleasures which he has given to the good folks of the Norfolk capital and its vicinity. In making a citizen of the learned pupil of Hummel and Weber, Norwich pays a tribute to the art of music, which is at once honourable to the place itself and to its new freeman. The name of Sir Julius Benedict has a fixed place in the annals of musical history. His English operas have a charm and finish acknowledged by all; while in his capacity as conductor, he shared the triumphs of Jenny Lind, and, as a pianist, has been one of the best and most faithful interpreters of his great master, Weber. At Norwich, his reputation has been confirmed by the many agreeable memories connected with his three *cantatas*, the *Indine* of 1860, the *Cœur de Lion* of 1863, and the *St. Cecilia* of 1866—not to speak of his last and greatest effort—the oratorio of *St. Peter*.

A CORRESPONDENT, who wrote to us before in regard to the Spanish Passion play, now says he infers from the letter of an "Englishman in Spain" that the clerical opposition to the performance of Passion plays is confined to Barcelona, and that even there it has been only occasionally successful. That there is no connection between the Catalan and Castilian plays he is disposed to doubt. "With the latter"—he says—"a very full account of which was published last summer in the *Saturday Review*, I am familiar; and when I compare its plot with that of the Catalan work described by the 'Englishman,' the likeness between them seems to me much closer than would result from mere similarity of subject. Now, *Los Siete Dolores*, to which he refers, but which he has not seen, is evidently distinct from the other two. It is altogether less scriptural and more based on the legends current among mediæval Christians. Thus, for instance, the penitent thief, who is called Dysmas, as in the apocryphal gospel of Nicodemus, is, in the *Dolores*, a very important personage, appearing as a vigorous defender of the Holy Family when they encounter peril during their sojourn in Egypt. Of the play of the *Samaritan Woman* I know nothing; but I saw the *Dolores* acted at a minor theatre at Madrid. The author of the Castilian play on the Passion, which I saw at Seville, is Don Antonio

Campoamor, a living writer of *zarzuelas*, and his work can be scarcely two years old. It seems to me probable that the Catalan play, ascribed to a monk of the last century, is the original work, of which the Castilian play is an adaptation. Nothing could be more natural to a professed playwright than the task of translating a drama, the popularity of which was confined to a certain province by the peculiarity of its dialect, into the literary language common to Spain."

## NYM CRINKLE AND MDME. LUCCA.

The New York critic, whose *nom de plume* is Nym Crinkle, thus describes, in the *Sunday World*, his first interview with Pauline Lucca:—

"Yesterday I looked through the vines on Fourteenth Street to see if I could see Lucca. It occurred to me that, not having on a velvet coat and not having such a thing as a bouquet about me, I would never be taken for an opera spoon, and might call. I did. I sent up my card, and was ushered into the great parlour, dusky and rich with dark hangings and darker furniture, but with the light streaming in from front and back through the green leaves. I found Mr. Henry Jarrett reading *La Femme*. He apologized, saying that it was necessary to learn all the developments of the *Femme* question. Then he sent a servant up with the card, poured me out a glass of dark wine, rich and heavy like the furniture, and introduced me to the *prima donna's* father, who was walking up and down the room like a quarter-deck officer, and apparently not yet habituated to the princely American abode. Before I had time to make out the little nervous old man the daughter came tripping down stairs like a school-girl.

"It was Selika, herself.

"The same saucy, incomprehensible mixture of baroness, woman, elf, and angel that had perplexed Europe for ten years. Pardon me if I tell you what I was thinking about while she sat in a rather high chair and swung her feet clear of the floor. I was thinking how it could be possible that such an incarnation of juvenility and impulse could fill the heroic stage as she is said to do; how she could die under a upas tree, and make all her audience die too in chromatic pain for very sympathy. I was thinking of what nonsense we generally write about versatility, and how newly this revelation of it struck me, as the *prima donna* passed with the moods of conversation, from a pert child to a dignified woman, and then to a bright, vivacious artist, as though all temperaments were hidden in her little body, and flashed and mellowed successively in her steely-grey eyes. Then I thought of the Baron von Rhaden, and what a tremendous advantage I had over him—how I could admire his wife, and criticise her, and talk to you about her, while he would not dare to admire mine, if I had one, much less write about her; and then I thought of the great advantage he had of me and all the rest of us in a wife that *could* be admired and talked about and criticised, and who could preserve her immortal youth in it all.

"Then my dear reader, I took my hat and came away, dislodging several interviewers and curious women as I brushed past the vines into Fourteenth Street."

## For Music.\*

Looking from out thy eyes,  
There is a glance, so cruel sweet,  
It brings me to thy feet,  
And there my poor heart lies,  
Moaning its helpless cries  
Of love.

Thou hast most silken hair,  
Of such peculiar hue,  
It alters with each view,  
And traps me like a snare,  
So that I hardly care  
To live.

For you can ne'er be mine;  
Another claims thy face,  
To him belongs the grace,  
That makes thee so divine,  
Whilst I must pine,  
And fret,  
But ne'er forget.

A. M.

\* These words are copyright.

## PROVINCIAL.

GUILDFORD.—A correspondent writes as follows:—

"One of the most successful musical performances of a high artistic character that has been given here for some time was the concert by Mrs. John Macfarren and party, which took place on Thursday, September 26, in the County and Borough Hall. The programme, a well contrasted selection of pieces from the best composers, displayed to good advantage the powers of the exponents. Mrs. John Macfarren's brilliant pianoforte solos were cordially applauded by a large and appreciative audience. The vocalists were Miss Agnes Drummond, (soprano), Miss Alice Barnett, (contralto), and Signor Bellini.

ST. CLEARS.—The annual choral festival in connection with the Choral Union of the rural deanery of Lower Carmarthen, was held on Tuesday morning and afternoon, at the parish Church in this village. Wretched weather prevailed in the morning, which probably diminished the congregation; but, in the afternoon, the sun came out brightly, and there was a fair assemblage of worshippers, considering that this second service was not announced until the morning service was nearly concluded. The following were the choirs, with the strength of each, which took part in the services:—Narberth, 26; Llandysilio, 27; Lampeter Velfrey, 24; Laugharne and Brooke Chapelry, 52; Whitland, 28; St. Clears, 23; total 180. Mr. C. Videon Harding, organist of St. Peter's, Carmarthen, presided at the harmonium; and it was also by him that the various choirs had been trained for this occasion.

LEEDS.—With reference to Prince Arthur's late visit to Clothopolis, we read as follows in the *Yorkshire Post*:—

"The ode, 'God Bless the Prince,' the words of which were composed for the occasion by Mr. Walter Maynard, and which has been set to music by Dr. Spark, was then sung. The solo part was taken by Mr. Archibald Ramsden. The chorus was sung by the Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society, whilst Dr. Spark played the accompaniment on the organ. The success of the composition was unquestionable, and was heartily applauded by the audience. His Royal Highness expressed to the Mayor the pleasure which the composition had given him, and subsequently, at the request of the Prince, the Mayor presented to him Dr. Spark. His Royal Highness shook the borough organist by the hand, and congratulated him on the very beautiful composition which had been sung in his honour, and stated that it had made a very great impression upon him, and that he should take care to mention the matter to Her Majesty the Queen. His Royal Highness also congratulated Dr. Spark on the manner in which the choir had performed the vocal part of the ceremony."

BANGOR.—The *Carnarvon and Denbigh Herald* of last Saturday says:—

"The first of a series of concerts, intended to be held in aid of the Royal Eisteddfod of 1874, took place at Penrhyn Hall, on Monday evening, under the presidency of Mr. J. K. Douglas. The hall was crowded, and should succeeding concerts be so well patronised, the Eisteddfod will not run short of funds. The chairman congratulated the town upon the prospect of having an Eisteddfod. Eisteddfodau had extended through the whole Principality, and had, at last, reached the English people; and he was glad to see the growing sympathy evinced by the English press for an institution which had kept the population of Wales comparatively, if not entirely, free from crime. Though Eisteddfodau were not free from blemishes, yet there was no doubt they promoted a good moral feeling among the people. He was sure that the Eisteddfod they were endeavouring to get up would be a success, for time had been taken by the forelock, and they had two years before them. This series of concerts had been organised to provide a fund to fall back upon should circumstances arise to prevent the Eisteddfod being a perfect success, though he had no fear of that himself; for there was the central position of Bangor, the attractions of places in the vicinity, and the picturesque and varied scenery of Bangor itself to count upon; and with a good, active committee, he believed the Bangor Royal Eisteddfod of 1874 would be the most successful of modern Eisteddfodau. The programme was then proceeded with. The "star" of the evening was Mynyddog, who produced several capital new things from his exhaustless repertoire of original witty songs. Mynyddog took his repeated encores in good part, and very obligingly gave a different piece each time. Space will not permit us to criticise, and we can only say that the performers, one and all, vied in making this a most entertaining concert, worthy of the musical talent of the old city. Parts were taken by Miss G. Hopson, Miss Parry, the Normal College Choir, Mr. Hulse, Eidid Mon, Mr. J. R. Brown, Mr. J. Davies (harpist), and Eos Brith and Ehedydd Arfon, penillion singers. The accompanist was Mr. E. W. Thomas."

A LASS who once sang in the caffès with Christine Nilsson is now employed as a domestic in Boston.—so says a Boston paper.

## CONCERT.

TULSE HILL.—An attractive concert was given in the Holy Trinity School Rooms, on Tuesday last, Oct. 8, by Mrs. John Macfarren, the accomplished pianist, assisted by several talented vocalists. Mrs. Macfarren played a sonata by Beethoven, a brilliant rondo by Hummel, two of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," and Mr. Walter Macfarren's third *Tarantelle*, &c., to the delight of an attentive audience. Miss Jessie Royd, Mr. Henry Guy, and Mr. J. B. Welch were applauded in Randegger's popular trio, "I Naviganti;" Mr. Welch, in Handel's air, "Honour and Arms;" and Mr. Guy, in Sullivan's "Once again." Miss Jessie Royd gave "O luce di quest'anima" (*Linda di Chamouni*), with considerable fluency, and was encored in G. A. Macfarren's ballad, "Somebody." Miss Alice Barnett sang "The Soldier's Tear" (encored), and Pinetti's "I love my love." Mrs. John Macfarren was recalled after her clever performance of Brissac's Fantasia on Welsh melodies.

## OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

ALBERT HALL MUSIC.

The *Daily Telegraph* of Tuesday last thus put its foot down on the so-called "People's Concerts" at Kensington Gore:—

"In announcing a new series of People's Concerts, the Council of the Royal Albert Hall declared that the object in view was 'to enable all classes to enjoy music.' It must be assumed, however, that they do not stop short at mere enjoyment. The Albert Hall is nothing if not a centre of 'sweetness and light.' It is severely educational by force of circumstances, and cannot, without proving false to its mission, stoop to the level of institutions which aim no higher than sensuous gratification. Last night's concert, therefore, like those that preceded and those that will follow it, was meant to be a lesson in the beauty and significance of the art divine, given at 'exceedingly low prices' to men and women with whose means those prices correspond. The idea is noble and beneficent; but with all their enthusiasm the Council have taken care—if we may judge by one concert—not to use unfairly their exceptional resources in competition with other *entrepreneurs*. They might have driven the latter out of the field by presenting, at 'exceedingly low prices,' such an entertainment as no private means could compass on the same terms. That they have not done so falsifies certain predictions made, when as yet the huge bulk of Albert Hall loomed only in the future, and also encourages a feeling of sturdy independence in the people whose welfare is sought. At present there is nothing eleemosynary about the People's Concerts; and the hard-handed son of toil may buy his threepenny ticket with the gratifying consciousness that he is not to receive more than his money's worth. This standard of business *quid pro quo* was rigidly observed last night, the music given being regulated by the prices paid for it. Some present may, indeed, have found fault, contending that they did not expect to act as 'vile bodies' for the experiments of young ladies and gentlemen in a state of pupillage. But the retort, 'What can you expect for threepence?' extinguishes these grumblers, who, if they existed at all among the audience, were in a pitiful minority. We are, nevertheless, compelled to doubt whether the People's Concerts, though strictly equitable, are worth anything as a means of education. In so far as they counteract the influence of amusement which is vicious, they are, of course, to be encouraged; but the real musical value of last night's doings was small indeed. What was done? In the first place Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* overture was played on the organ, and suffered so much by transcription and performance as to be recognised with difficulty; several pianoforte fantasias, including Thalberg's 'Home, sweet home,' were given by Mr. W. Carter, and his pupils; and a selection of more or less hackneyed songs was sung by young vocalists in various stages of fright. Against the performers we have nothing to say. They did their best, and gave evidence of promise, as was shown by the encores awarded to Miss Kate Penna's 'My mother bids me bind my hair;' Miss Georgina Maudsley's 'Let the bright Seraphim'—trumpet obligato played in good style by Mr. Dearden; and Mr. H. W. Pyatt's 'Village Blacksmith.' But we must warn the Council that such concerts may be multiplied indefinitely without forwarding the cause of art one inch. They teach nothing, they convey no new impressions to the mind, and they do nothing to encourage the growth among us of that artistic instinct which regards music as more than the playing of an idle hour."

SALZBURG.—The last concert for the year at the Mozarteum commenced with Cherubini's overture to *Amoroso*. Mr. Adams, from the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, sang the air from *Don Juan*. A concerto for Violoncello and full band, by Dr. Bach, was the next piece, the solo player being Herr Kretschmann. Mr. Adams then sang two songs by Ernst Frank. They so pleased the audience, that the second, "Mein Herz schmückt sich mit dir," had to be repeated. An "Allegro de Concert for Violin" closed the first part. The second part consisted of Mozart's G minor Spmphony.—A tablet has been erected in St. Peter's cemetery, to the celebrated Salzburg composer and organist of the fifteenth century, Paul Hofmeier, born in 1459. It was formally consecrated on the 23rd September.



## ITALIAN OPERA IN DUBLIN.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

THE usual autumn season in the Theatre Royal, by the Italian Opera Company, under the direction of Mr. Mapleson, was inaugurated on the 30th ult., with every appearance of success. The company is some three weeks later than usual on this occasion; but "better late than never;" for the appearance of this now celebrated company of artists is eagerly looked forward to by the music-loving public of our far-famed city.

Mr. Mapleson has got together a fair working company, and can cast most efficiently the large *répertoire* of operas announced for performance. Among the company are Mdlle. Tietjens, that bright particular star who is always so cordially welcomed in Dublin; Mdlle. Marimon, who is also making her way with this public, and deservedly so; Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, another very great and deserved favourite, without whom the company would not be complete; the useful and clever Mdlle. Bauermeister; and the accomplished contralto, Mdlle. Trebelli-Bettini—a good assortment of feminine talent. The tenor department consists of Signor Campanini, Signor Bettini, Mr. Wilford Morgan, and Signor Rinaldini; and for the baritone and bass departments, we have Signor Mendioroz, Signori Agnesi, Borella, Zoboli, Casaboni, Campobello, and last, not least, Signor Foli. The conductor being Signor Li Calsi is a guarantee that the band and chorus are efficiently directed.

On the opening night, the theatre was crowded from floor to ceiling. The opera was *Lucrezia Borgia*, with Tietjens as the heroine, and Campanini as the hero. Signor Campanini had a good reception, and the audience waited eagerly for the first notes of the new tenor; but no opinion could be formed of his capabilities until the *aria*, "Di pescatore ignobile;" and this passed off somewhat coldly (an unusual thing for Dublin). In the *terzetto*, "Guai si te sfugge," Campanini seemed more at ease, and it obtained the usual encore. In the third act, the air from *Don Sebastian* (interpolated) was encored. Nevertheless, Signor Campanini can hardly be said to have come up to general expectation. Tietjens, as *Lucrezia*, was superb, as also were Trebelli (Maffeo Orsini) and Agnesi (the Duke). Tuesday was the first appearance of Mdlle. Marimon, in *La Sonnambula*. Mdlle. Marimon was very warmly received, and her singing throughout delightful; Signor Bettini was the *Elvino*, and the same Dublin papers which criticise Campanini so harshly proclaim Bettini "the greatest tenor on the operatic stage." *Il Flauto Magico* being the opera chosen for the first appearance of Ilma di Murska, the theatre was, as usual, crowded to excess. The impersonation of the Queen of Night by this gifted lady is too well known to need comment here. She had an uproarious reception, and both her songs were loudly and enthusiastically encored. Foli was the *Sarastro*, one of his best parts, and he brought down the house with "Qui sdegno." Mendioroz, as *Papageno*, acquitted himself like a thorough artist, and was warmly encored on two occasions. The *Pamina* was Mdlle. Tietjens, who, as usual, left nothing to desire. Thursday we had *Il Trovatore*, for the second appearance of Campanini, who, as *Manrico*, improved his position with the audience, and was encored in "Ah si ben mio" and the "Miserere." Tietjens, as *Leonora*, was unapproachable; and Trebelli-Bettini, as *Azuena*, was also a great artistic success. Friday, *La Figlia del Reggimento* was given for Mdlle. Marimon, who created her accustomed effect, and, as usual, interpolated a *bravura* waltz by M. Maton. Bettini was the *Tonio*, and the *Sulpizio* was Agnesi. On Saturday, we had *Lucia*, for the third appearance of Signor Campanini, who sang better in this opera than he had yet sung in Dublin, more especially in the first and third acts, receiving genuine and hearty applause. Ilma di Murska, as *Lucia*, created a *furor* in the scene of the madness. Mendioroz, as *Enrico*, contributed his share to the success of the opera, as also did Foli, in the small but not unimportant part of *Raimondo*. On Monday, we had *Don Pasquale*—first time in Dublin for seventeen years. The band and chorus, under the *baton* of the indefatigable Signor Li Calsi, have received much praise.

SOME fool, in one of the Western cities, has paid a fabulous price for a mattress, simply because Nilsson once slept on it.

## THE DUNDEE CHORAL UNION.

We have been requested to publish the following letter, addressed by Mr. Henry Nagel, conductor of the Dundee Choral Union, to many artists, and others prominent in the musical world. It tells its own story:—

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to draw your attention to the accompanying prospectus of a Bazaar which will be held this autumn, for behoof of the Dundee Amateur Choral Union, of which I have been the conductor for nearly fifteen years. The purpose of these lines is to ask you to aid me in procuring a few articles of peculiar value in addition to the work which our fair friends are preparing.

I intend to arrange a number of albums containing the *cartes-de-visite* and autographs of eminent musicians, and I should feel deeply obliged if you would send me a few *cartes-de-visite* with your name, or perhaps a few words besides it, written on the back of them. As the purpose of a bazaar is to make money, and as I am perfectly sure that these albums will form a very attractive article, and command a high price, I do not hesitate to trouble you with this request, and I hope that you will kindly excuse it on account of the purpose which it is intended to serve.—Yours faithfully,

HENRY NAGEL.

Awn Lodge, Dundee,  
20th Sept., 1872.

The Dundee Society deserves help—it is a light shining in a (musically) dark place—and we trust Mr. Nagel will receive photographs *galore*.

## "TALKING ALOUD."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR.—I have read an article in the *Musical World*, by a meddlesome person, who cannot let ladies and gents like myself do as we like at the theatre or concert-room, for which I often receive orders, and sometimes a private box, into which I stuff as many friends as I can. Most people, now-a-days, go to be seen, not to see the performance, or hear the music and songs at a concert. I do not care one brass farthing about either the drama, the opera, or concert, but I go!—to amuse myself, and show myself; and if I like to chat about the fashions, the latest betting, and crack a joke to make my friends roar—Why shouldn't I? What have I to do with "Brown, Jones, or Robinson," who have paid for admission, and can only occasionally have a "treat," as they call it—that is, to shed tears at the touching parts, or grin at the comic, if such parts exist in modern pieces, which, to my notions, are very dull, and very stupid? And then, again, Brown and his friends make no sensation when they are at the theatre or concert-room. Me and my friends do. We go—swell!—and, as we enter the stalls or private box, as the case may be, all eyes and opera-glasses are brought to bear upon us; and to prove to the public we are somebodies, we keep up a running fire, for fear the "plebs" should think we never visited such entertainments, and it was a "treat" for us. I hope, sir, you will not print any more of "L. T.'s" twaddle about "ladies and gentlemen conducting themselves as such in public." Ladies and gentlemen do conduct themselves as such; it is only such snobs as your correspondent who say they don't.—Yours obediently,

A CITY GENTLEMAN.

## Words for Music.

Oh let me dream that dream again,  
'Tis cruel thus to break the spell;  
For sleeping fancies, tho' so vain,  
Yet charm the hour and grief dispel.

I dreamt those lustrous beaming eyes  
Were bent upon me as of yore;  
I felt the perfume of thy sighs,  
Oh let me dream, and wake no more!

I heard thy music-gifted voice  
Repeat the songs we sang of old;  
Those strains that made my heart rejoice,  
With love's sweet whisperings oft-times told.

Dream on, poor soul! while such bright dreams  
By fancy's aid can set thee free,  
To revel in a world that seems,  
Foretaste of blest eternity.

M. A. B.

## A RAILWAY ADVENTURE.

Mr. C. J. Bishenden has sent us the following story:—

"Last Sunday evening I started from Leeds, Yorkshire, for London, by the express which leaves the Great Northern Station at 10 o'clock. I entered a smoking compartment, knowing from experience that as ladies and children do not, as a rule, enter that portion of the carriage, it is, therefore, the most safe and comfortable. Several gentlemen were in the carriage when the train started, but they all got out at Doncaster, and I had the carriage all to myself from Doncaster to Peterborough. At the latter station, being allowed ten minutes for refreshment, I got out, leaving a portmanteau in the carriage, when, on my again entering the compartment, just as the train was moving, I was surprised to see a gentleman in a light coat and fur cap leaning over my portmanteau and reading my name, which is painted on it. The gentleman, on seeing me take my seat, eyed me with a wild, vacant stare, mumbling something about "That name—Bishenden," and at the same time taking a seat opposite to me. When the train was fairly on its journey, all of a sudden he made a movement towards a pocket in his overcoat, and drew out a small pistol and pointed it at my forehead. I started back, and told him that I strongly objected to firearms being pointed at me, at the same time saying that I hoped the pistol was not loaded. He replied in the most cool manner "that it was loaded, and that he meant to shoot me." On hearing this I tried to keep myself as self-possessed as possible, and raising my arm directed the pistol away from me, and made a dash at the collar of his coat, which I held firmly, and at last got him into the corner of the compartment, and then called out loudly for help, but from the noise of the train, and being the midnight express, the few people who were in the carriages could not hear me, and I could get no assistance. I then thought of the cord of communication, and, glancing towards it, found to my dismay that one end of the cord was flapping against the window, and, of course, utterly useless. After having kept the man down for nearly ten minutes, my strength began to give way under the excitement, and I thought that it would be impossible for me to keep him down until we reached London, so I released my hold on him, and he sat up and looked at me without speaking a word, which position and silence he kept the remainder of the journey; but when the train was just about entering Holloway Station he suddenly made a violent dash against the carriage door, which flew open, and he leaped out before I had time to prevent him, and, much to my astonishment, I got up and looked out to see where he had fallen, but could find no trace of him. On arriving at Holloway I tried to get the half-sleepy officials to understand the nature of my escape, and to send some one down the line to see if they could find the man, but in the hurry of collecting the tickets, &c., I could get no hearing, and on my arrival at King's Cross Station met with the same treatment. I suppose the time being past three o'clock in the morning, the officials were not quite awake, and felt too tired to hear my story."

Mr. Bishenden's narrative is very extraordinary. Is he quite sure that he had not been reading a certain back number of *All the Year Round* which tells of "A Terrible Night," and that he did not dream the whole thing? The assailant's "astonishing" disappearance when looked after by the frightened Mr. B. is certainly suspicious, and so is the incredulity of the officials.

—o—  
WAIFS.

M. Paque, the accomplished violoncellist, has returned to town from his visit to Paris and Brussels.

Mr. J. P. Clarke has been appointed bandmaster of the Royal Irish Constabulary Band—vice Hardy retired.

A Berlin paper says that Mdle. Marie Krebs made 25,000 dols. by her concert tour in the United States.

Mdme. Nilsson-Rouzaud has written to a friend in New York, to say she will return to America at the earliest possible moment.

It was the patent magnesium flash, which Mr. Joe Jefferson persisted in using for effect in *Rip van Winkle*, that injured his eye sight.

The Stradivarius violin, the gem of the collection of the late Joseph Gillott, has become, by purchase, the property of Mr. John P. Waters, of New York.

Mr. Charles Wyndham's partner, a Chicago man, absconded with 20,000 dols. belonging to the French band. Mr. W. made up the amount, so the band lost nothing.

Boston has now not less than eight institutions for the dissemination of musical knowledge. Among them are two conservatories, a college, an academy, and several music schools.

Berry Sulgrove, of the *Indianapolis Journal* and other papers, has a Stradivarius violin, which he brought out of Rome by the Porta Angelica. His favourite air is "H—l on the Wabash."

Mr. F. B. Martin is to conduct the first festival of the Dublin Diocesan Church Choral Union, having been appointed choirmaster. The festival will be held on the 28th November, in St. Andrew's Church, Dublin.

Signor Arditi has returned from Homburg, and intends remaining in town during the winter season. In the spring, Signor Arditi goes to Vienna, to conduct the opera during Madame Patti's engagement in that city.

Here is a biography of Meyerbeer from an American source:—

"G. Meyerbeer was a short, thin man, of Jewish extraction, who made very effective music, took snuff occasionally, lived in Paris, got rich, died, and had a very showy funeral."

Mdlle. Silly, who was heard in New York a short time ago at the Grand Opera house, and who is a rival of Schneider, has just signed an engagement with a manager at St. Petersburg, and she will receive 25,000 francs (£1,000), for each month's performance.

A letter from New York informs us that Mr. Charles Edward Horsley has been unanimously appointed organist at St. John's Chapel, Trinity Parish. It is a very wealthy community; the salary is £500 per annum, and places its holder in the first musical position in the city.

A Boston paper says: "If we can't abolish those hand-organs on Washington Street, can there not be some way devised to keep them out of hearing distance of each other? When one is playing 'Ten Little Injuns all in a Row,' and another 'Pleyel's Hymn,' the effect is annoying."

The Abbe Liszt, at last accounts, was to re-appear in Paris with his pupil, M. Leiter, to whom he has already bequeathed his fame and talents. Liszt has a curious fashion of making heirs of all his favourite pupils. It requires a large endowment of talents to sustain such liberality.

The Holborn has not been a very fortunate theatre of late, but having re-opened with a new piece entitled *Miss Chester*, we hope soon to hear that the *Chester* is a hit, and not a Miss. If the management can then add "*Chester draws*," it will have turned the tables on ill-luck, and possess a valuable piece of furniture.—Punch.

The grand-daughter of the late Sir John Stevenson, Mrs. Doc., Miss Mary Adelaide Fitzpatrick, was married, on the 3rd inst., in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, to William C. West, Esq., Lord Lieutenant of the County of Denbigh. The ceremony was invested with something of a musical character. Handel's famous wedding hymn, "Now, let your notes of praise arise," was sung with much effect by the choir, amongst other compositions. Sir Robert P. Stewart presided at the organ, playing the "Wedding March" on the exit of the numerous and fashionable assemblage present.

There are few words in the English language more basely prostituted than the word "artist." The bulletin boards of every city are defiled with announcements, in startling letters, concerning the appearance of some "world-renowned song and dance artist," or some "justly celebrated terpsichorean artist." Burnt-cork artists have ceased to be a novelty. Tonsorial artists are located in every city and town. English adjectives are not of sufficient strength to set forth all the unequalled qualifications of these mushroom, would-be artists, so the embarrassed manager resorts to the more expressive French language, and bedevils the lower layers of humanity until they can't rest, unless they go to see or hear these "famous" artists, famous only to lying managers of vile concert saloons and varieties. An artist is one who professes and practises one of the liberal arts, in which science and taste preside over the manual execution. The term can be properly applied only to painters, sculptors, musicians, engravers, and architects, and even these have no claim upon the title until they become proficient. For example: there are many vocalists and performers in the world, but the artists can be easily counted, and their degree of ability recorded. To be a great artist is to spend nearly a lifetime in the process of preparation. To such the world voluntarily accords unbounded admiration and fame undying. Lying, shameful bulletin boards are not required to announce their coming. There appears to be no remedy for this abuse, except for the person to refuse to respond to such fulsome, disgusting, and sickening nonsense by refusing to honour such humbugs with their patronage.—Musical Visitor.

Great preparations have been going on for some time for the opening of the new Theatre, Breslau. The first evening will be devoted to the drama, and Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell* is the piece selected for performance. The first opera will be *Les Huguenots*.

The theatrical entertainment, given by the mechanical figures at St. James's Hall, is not in any way operatic, nor are there engaged in it any of the youngest members of the family of the most renowned Italian tenor ever seen in this or any other country. The mistake has probably arisen from the name. But we are hereby authorized to declare that the name *Marionettes* does not mean the little Marios.—*Punch*.

"Jersey City"—says the New York *Fifth Avenue Journal*—"with a population of 100,000, has no theatre, operahouse, concert-hall, circus, or *rink*. The inhabitants are opposed to being amused." We sympathise with Jersey City, more particularly because it has no "*rink*." Fancy a city of 100,000 without a "*rink*!" Why, even Malvern, in Worcestershire, has its "*Link*" and, for the matter of that, its "*Wink*" (Admiral).

Miss Clara Doria (Barnett), who returned to America in the same vessel which brought Lucca and Kellogg, comes here to remain permanently, and not to reap the glories of a season merely. Miss Barnett's welcome will be none the less sincere that it will last longer than many others; and her return will be all the more acceptable that she brings with her the highest and most unpretentious talents and the true musical culture which we need above all things.—*Arcadian*.

The pianoforte performances of Miss Flora Heilbron at the International Exhibition at Kensington, have served to display the talent of the clever executant. Miss Flora Heilbron possesses an extensive repertoire, and although Exhibition recitals must of necessity be confined to popular music, and afford but little encouragement to real artistic displays, the young pianiste has won the suffrages of her audiences. The "*Marche Brésillienne*," by Ignace Gibsone, is one of her most effective pieces, and the spirit and skill exhibited in its performance have conduced to its popularity at the Kensington Exhibition.

Thanksgiving services for the harvest were held in St. Lawrence, Jewry, Gresham Street, on Sunday last. The church was densely crowded. The service was exceedingly well sung by a choir of 100 voices, and the sermon preached by the Dean of St. Paul's. During the collecting of the offertory, a hymn, "*Holy offerings, rich and rare*," was sung, after which, the vicar, precentor, and some of the chorists, stood before the altar as a semi-chorus, the rest of the choir remained in the stalls, and sang a *Te Deum*, arranged after Alfieri, the same that was sung by the London Gregorian Choral Association a few months since at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square.

The Archbishop of Canterbury held a visitation of Dean and Chapter at Canterbury last week. His Grace delivered a charge, in which he congratulated the assembly on the deliverance of the Cathedral from fire. He enquired whether the services at present conducted in the Cathedral could not be mended, for many persons were of opinion that the exquisite music of those services was too prominent for real devotion. From experience in St. Paul's and Westminster it was clear that the influence of the pulpit was as great as ever, and he submitted to them the question how far they came to the necessary standard in this respect. The Archbishop, likewise, urged that they should do all in their power to assist education.

*Apropos* of Mr. C. J. Bishenden's intended Promenade Concerts, we read as follows in the *Entr'acte* :—

"With reference to my promenade concerts, I may state that, as a proof of my intention to keep faith with the public—viz., that the concerts would commence early in September—I had engaged for one month a number of well-known vocalists, full band, and chorus complete, and the announcement bills were drawn up, when, to my great surprise, an unexpected difficulty arose, owing to the lessee of the theatre which I had engaged informing me that, in consequence of an oversight on his part with respect to dates, the theatre would be required for dramatic purposes. Under these circumstances I was left with eighteen solo vocalists, a band of 170, and a chorus of 250 voices, all of whom I had to pay the month's salary. However, I still intend to give my promenade concerts as soon as I can secure a large and suitable building, of which due notice will be given."

"C. J. BISHENDEN."

Mdme. Lucca assisted at high mass at the church of St. Xavier (New York), on Sunday last, and is credited by a penetrating *Herald* reporter with having derived great pleasure from the rendering of one of Mercadante's masses by Dr. Berge's renowned choir. It will perhaps grate harshly upon the nerves of the Prussian Premier to learn that the temple selected by the "*Pride of Berlin*" as the scene of her devotions is in charge of the Jesuit fathers, an order of religion towards which Prince Bismarck has manifested an aversion quite as uncontrollable as another Prince's well-authenticated antipathy to "*holy water*." Perhaps the "*Little Incurable*" did this just to tease the formidable German functionary. What are the prejudices of a Prince compared to the privileges of a *prima donna*, with a will of her own and the pluck to exercise it.—*Fifth Avenue Journal*.

In pursuance of a request issued to the clergy of his diocese some months ago by Archbishop Manning, the employment of lady vocalists in the choirs of Roman Catholic places of worship is now discontinued. The change took place on Sunday last, and notwithstanding that in many cases additional male voices, in the shape of tenors and altos, have been substituted for the ladies, the result was by no means satisfactory.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in coming forward as a public reader, has taken the extraordinarily cool step of requesting the public not to regard her in a professional light. Suppose a man should take up the practice of medicine, but entreat his patients not to consider him a physician; or suppose he should open a store, and advise his customers not to deal with him as with one regularly engaged in business. These cases are certainly analogous to that of Mrs. Stowe; and we see no reason why that lady should not be criticised with the average strictness, merely because she has neglected to give herself the training which the public has the right to expect of a reader whom it pays to hear. Mrs. Stowe's present enterprise either means business, or it means an impertinent and egotistic trifling, which is worse than childish. The only merit which her explanation has is that of honesty; but the honesty would have been much more admirable, if, when she published her "*True Story of Lord Byron*," she had acknowledged that she was a mere sensationist, unscrupulously endeavouring to restore the colour to a paling reputation, by one of the most scandalous pieces of malignity with which literature has ever been insulted.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—At the 80th Quarterly Meeting on the 7th inst., the report of the Executive Committee stated that the receipts for the quarter were £36,972, and for the year, £116,019; and the grand totals to Michaelmas, £1,855,393. The total withdrawals since the formation of the Society, in 1852, were £491,430, and the last share number issued to Michaelmas was No. 37,669. The reserve fund amounts to £10,500. The members elected, as auditors, Mr. W. H. Clemow, manager of the Dudley and West Bromwich Bank, and Mr. J. Goad, house and land agent, 287, Essex Road, N.; and the Executive Committee appointed Mr. T. Russell, public accountant, of 8, Leadenhall Street, and Mr. H. Winstanley, of 42, Orsett Terrace, W., as their two auditors. The report concluded by calling attention to the fact that, on the 7th ult., the Society reached its 20th anniversary, and has now entered its 21st year. There were present Viscount Ranelagh (Chairman), Col. Brownlow Knox, the Hon. and Rev. W. Talbot, Col. Jervis, M.P., Col. Meyrick, Mr. Goodson, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Stode, Mr. Winstanley, Mr. C. L. Gruneisen, F.R.G.S. (Secretary), Mr. John Ashdown, C.E., Mr. P. Edsall, and Mr. G. Hugh Thomson.

Mr. H. F. Cowen's Symphony in F (No. 2) was performed at the last concert of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, of which Sir Julius Benedict (successor to the late much regretted Alfred Mellon, and Mr. Cowen's professional instructor,) has been for years the worthy conductor. The *Liverpool Post* thus speaks of the latest work of our young and promising composer :—

"The symphony is a work which we cannot pretend to do full justice to after a single hearing, and at this late hour. That it is an extraordinary display of Mr. Cowen's high acquirements in orchestration, showing a marvellous fertility of invention and ingenuity of construction, all must admit. That he has great originality in the form of his subjects, and equal skill in submitting them to his hearers, is indisputable—indeed, he at times makes it almost impossible for any one but a thorough musician to follow him in his frequent episodes, different subjects, counter melodies, &c. Much as we liked the opening subject of the *allegro*, we preferred the *adagio*, although the first melody is a little suggestive in parts of an old favourite. The phrases given to the wind instruments in full chords would have been more effective if they had been thoroughly in tune. The next episode, with the melody on the oboe, was very charming, and was capitally given. The following subject struck us as being like Mendelssohn, rather in treatment than anything else, however. We were particularly pleased with the boldness and originality of the *scherzo*, a charming contrast being produced by the division of the subject between the strings and flutes, &c. No less fresh is the second subject, with the leading theme given also by the flute; whilst a graceful contrast is found in the *trio*. The *finale* is remarkable for the spirited phrase which opens and pervades the movement. It may be presumption to offer an opinion, but it struck us that this movement was a little too much spun out at the close by the very fertility of Mr. Cowen's ingenuity and constructive skill. The performance did great credit to the band, there being most commendable attention paid to the conductor's and composer's every movement. Mr. Cowen adds to his great gifts, as a composer of undoubted genius, the further most valuable gift of being able to conduct his own music in a very collected and thoroughly intelligible and intelligent manner—a combination every way wonderful in one so young."

Mr. Cowen directed the performance of his symphony, and was most cordially received. Sir Julius Benedict is reading a lesson to our London societies.



The Chambersburg *Repository* yields the palm to Fulton county as the champion producer of prodigies, monstrosities, &c., and now we come with a prodigy in the Fine Art line which we think "removes the dilapidated linen" at once. It is nothing more nor less than a "Whistling Baby," a little waif about eight months old, that would claim, if he could, Ayr township as his residence, and who delights his dotting mother *et al*, after partaking of the lactal nourishment—or between drinks—with whistling, in imitation of the most approved masters, and in strains of exquisite melody. This is commencing young, and we predict that he will "charm the very birds out of the bush" by the time he is twenty-one.—*Fulton Democrat*.

While Theodore Thomas's orchestra was at Richmond, Va, Schrieber and another musician were rendering an exquisite *pianissimo* passage, when a middle-aged gentleman upon one of the front seats was seen to twist uneasily in his chair. He drew from his pocket a huge bandanna handkerchief, flourished it in the air, and gave a nasal blast so long and loud that it resounded through the whole house. The applause which followed the performance of the new aspirant for musical fame was enthusiastic and deafening.

Rosambeau, a French actor of note, was once playing at Anjou when the curtain rose to a single spectator. The actor stepped forward and addressed the audience: "My dear sir, did you come to see the play or to see Rosambeau?" "To see Rosambeau," was the prompt reply. "Well, I am Rosambeau. Don't you think we shall enjoy the evening together much better at the neighbouring café than if you compel me to play to you, who should be a man of wit, in a piece which is a poor one at best, and in which, contrary to my usual custom, I am only ordinary?" "Certainly I do," replied the audience, "for I hurried my dinner to get here in season; we will go and finish it." And they did.

From a long and eulogistic review of the Melbourne opera season, which appeared in the *Argus*, we take the following, having immediate reference to the closing night:—

"The affair at the Princess's Theatre on Saturday evening was in every respect a most triumphant success. It was not alone that the house was crowded in every part by a highly respectable and appreciative audience; nor yet was it entirely due to a performance of *Gli Ugonotti*, that would have been creditable in older and more populous cities than this. It was generally felt amongst the audience that they were discharging a duty as well as gratifying their musical taste, and they experienced all the satisfaction which the performance of duty, especially such an agreeable one as this was, invariably brings with it. The spirit of good temper possessed the whole house, and on no occasion since the commencement of the season has an evening's entertainment left more agreeable recollections behind it. The occasion of the benefit to Mr. Lyster was taken advantage of to show that personally he had the goodwill of his audience unanimously in his favour; and that the creditable exertions made by himself and his partner to present to the best of their means a high class of entertainment, should be recognised in such manner as would encourage them to renew their success in the future. And with all this, there was mingled some sense of protest against recent opposition, which, as it was not 'professional,' was held to be unfair."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—Wanting a little advice, I come to you, or your paper, for the requisite information, and shall feel very greatly obliged if you will kindly answer, through the medium of your valuable paper, the following questions. By what age ought a man's voice to be thoroughly settled, if I may so express it, after the usual "break" or change—at the age of 18 or 19, or later? How can you ascertain what your voice is, Tenor or Baritone: and is there much difference between a low Tenor and Baritone, or are they one and the same thing? Can you learn to sing properly without the aid of *Solfeggi*; and how can you strengthen the voice? Apologising for thus troubling you,—I remain, sir, yours very respectfully,  
Sept. 18, 1872. A WOULD-BE-VOCALIST.

[Our columns are open to any professor of the vocal art who feels prompted to answer the questions of our correspondent.—Ed.]

St. Petersburg.—The Italian Opera season was to commence on the 18th inst., under the management of Signor Merelli, as last year. The following are the artists already secured:—*Prime donne*—Mmes. Adeline Patti, Christine Nilsson, Mathilde Mallinger, and Bertha Ferucci (all engaged for three months); *Prima donna contralto*—Signora Sophie Scalchi (four months); *Comprimaria*—Signora Corsi. *Primi tenori*—M. E. Naudin (two months), Signor Marini (three months), Signor E. Niccolini (four months), Signor Gardoni (four months), and Signor Sabater; *Primi baritoni*—Signor Graziani (two months), Signor Cotozini (two months), and Signor Cabella; *Primi bassi*—Signor Iaggagiolo (two months), Signor Capponi, Signor Vidal (two months), and Signor Raguer; *Primo buffo basso*—Signor Ciampi (four months).

Conductors—Signori Bevignani and Bosoni. The repertory will probably comprise *Hamlet*, *Mignon*, *Otello*, *Guillaume Tell* (under the title of *Carlo il Temerario*), *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Robert le Diable*, *Les Huguenots*, *Faust*, *Romeo e Julietta*, *I Puritani*, *Linda di Chamounix*, *Rigoletto*, *Maria*, *La Traviata*, *Lucia*, *La Sonnambula*, *Don Pasquale*, *Il Trovatore*, *L'Africaine*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and *Dinorah*. The former four subscription nights a week have been increased to five, to the great dissatisfaction of the subscribers, who see very clearly that they will not have an opportunity of hearing all the artists, especially the *prime donne*. Every place, however, is taken, and it is in vain that the Russian musical press attacks the fashion set by the higher ranks, and extending to all classes, of patronising Italian, to the detriment of Russian, opera. Deep regret is expressed at the fact that Madame Lucca will not be heard this season. Public curiosity is greatly excited about Mesdes. Nilsson and Mallinger.

Dusseldorf.—That the Germans like music is a universally known fact; but that some of them do not like paying very much for it appears to be quite as true. The landlord of an hotel here engaged a musician of good standing to provide a band of eight performers to play first before his hotel, and afterwards in-doors, on the evening of the anniversary of the battle of Sedan. The price paid was to be twenty silver groschens, or one-and-eightpence—for each performer, of course. After having fulfilled their part of the bargain, the musicians withdrew, with the exception of the one who had arranged the matter with the landlord. The latter soon made his appearance and put down twenty silver groschens on the table, asserting that this sum was all he had to pay for the services of the whole band. As remonstrance was vain, the musician had to carry the case into a court of justice. The magistrate decided in favour of the complainant. It was, he remarked, absurd to suppose that eight talented and accomplished musicians would play for several hours for no more than twenty silver groschens.

Nuremberg.—Herr Volz, who has dubbed himself "General authorised Agent to Herr R. Wagner," and his factotum, Herr Carl Batz, from Wiesbaden, assert that they have "discovered" a posthumous opera, *Regina*, by Lortzing. It is to be produced at the Stadttheater here. "If we are not mistaken," observes the editor of the *Berlin Echo*, in reference to this subject, "the above is the opera recently offered for sale to Professor Dorn, and others, with the impudent intimation that the purchaser might substitute his own name for that of the real composer. Perhaps our statement may throw some light upon a discreditable bit of mystification, hitherto covered with the veil of secrecy. The said opera of *Regina* did not, however, require any discovering at the present day. It is given at full length in the series of posthumous works collected by Ferd. Gumbert, and belonging to Lortzing's heirs, and Philip Düringer mentions it in his *Biography of Lortzing*. Lortzing himself writes about it as follows: 'I am now (1840) engaged in completing a new opera—another serious subject; I am already delighted at the thought of hearing the world-be learned musicians exclaim: If the fellow would only stick to his comic music! I cannot help them, however. Those who can produce nothing themselves but pick holes in everything—must digest this last opus of mine.'

#### MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

CHAMBER & Co.—"Guinevere," song; "Oh! Ma Charmante," Romance; and "The Sailor's Grave," song; by Arthur Sullivan. *Le Jour de Fete*, by Louisa Gray. "I'm a forester free," by E. Reyloff. "The Magic Harp," by J. T. Trebell. "The Fairy Answer," by Odoardo Barri. "He that loves a rosy cheek," by Lionel S. Benson. "Nachtlieder," by C. H. R. Marriott. "Autumn Manceuvres," March and Polka, by C. H. R. Marriott. "The Galatea Valse," by H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh.

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